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JUNE  
1924

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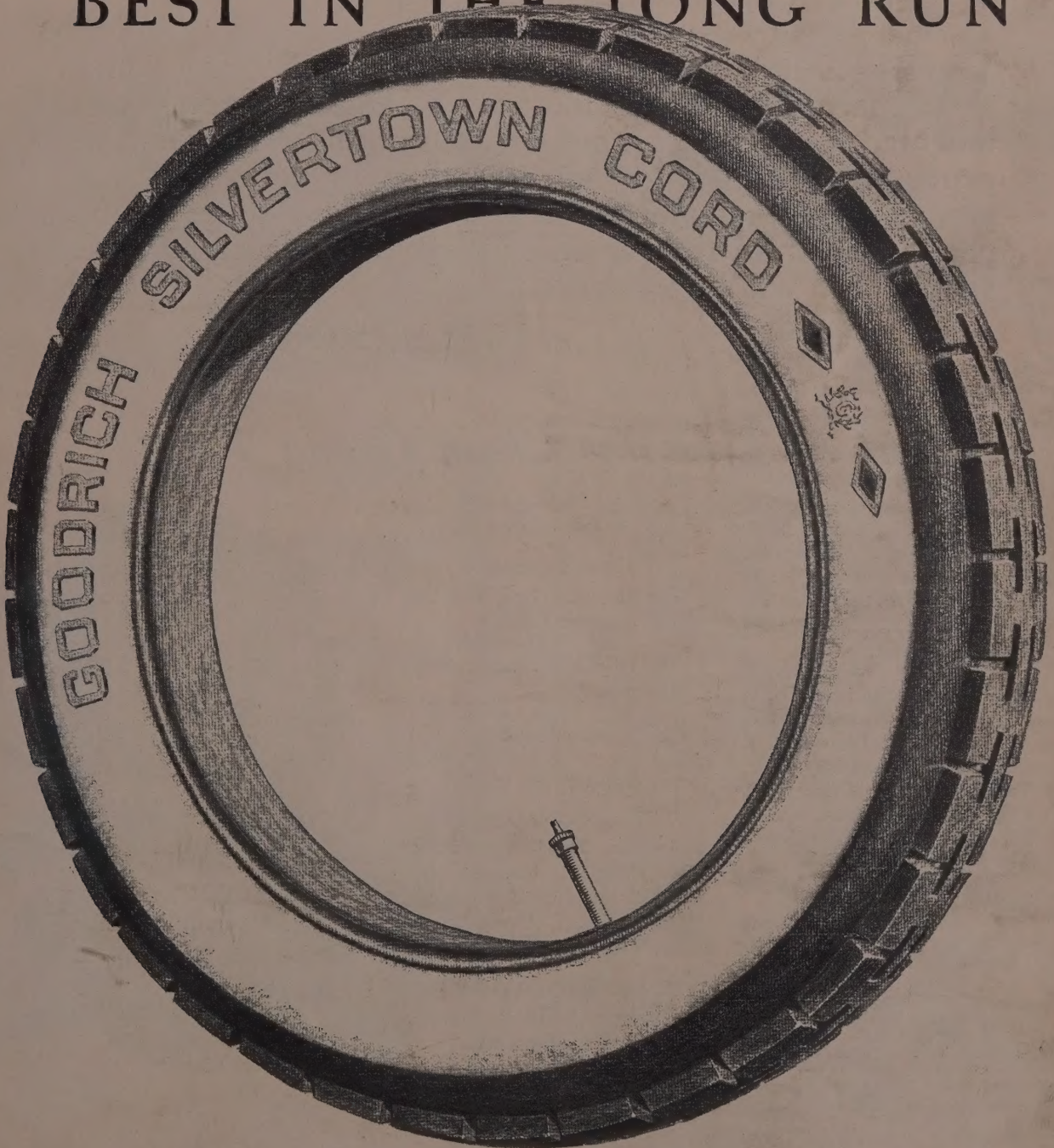
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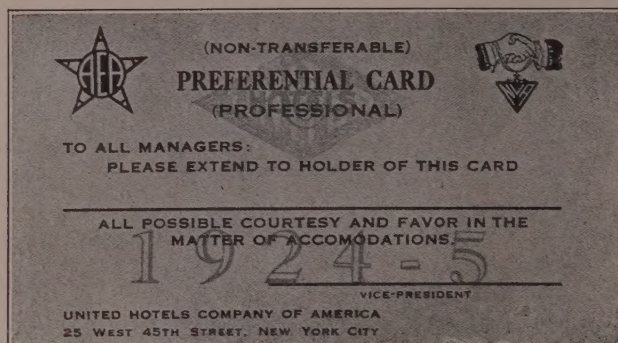
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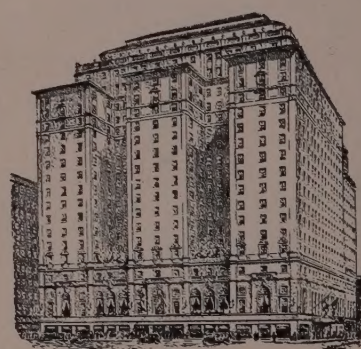
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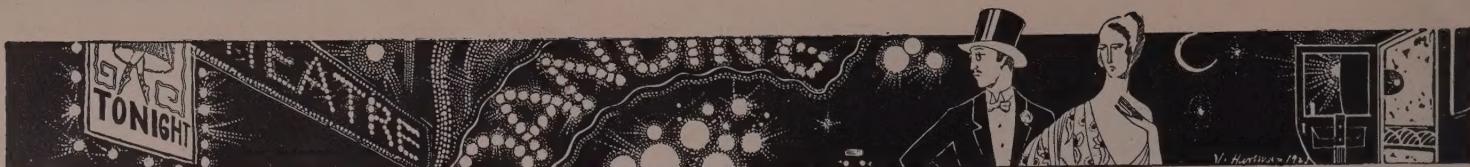
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## THE PLAY GUIDE

*The Play Guide of Theatre Magazine is a guide for young and old, to America's greatest amusement center, New York City. Lest you lose yourself in the maze of good, bad and indifferent in this vast playground the Theatre Magazine offers you the clue of The Play Guide. Mark its sign-posts well! They will avoid your suffering boredom.*

WE want to offer to the visitor from out of town a little program for Sunday evenings. Even New Yorkers, with supposed knowledge of what the city has to offer, are sometimes put to it to know just the right thing to do on that evening. Usually for them it is devoted to seeing their own particular friends at home. But for the visitor, with several days of excitement and festive going in back of him, that time may present itself with a certain dreariness, a kind of let-down. Which will never do at all!

Permit us then to introduce our little program, what we might call a

### SUNDAY NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT

WE shall probably have occasion to offer more of them from time to time. For this one we suggest that you start by having dinner down in the grill of the Brevoort Hotel, at Eighth Street and Fifth Avenue. Not only is the old-world atmosphere of the Brevoort unique—we always wonder how in the mad American rush for change it has managed to escape destruction—but Sunday evening dinner there is particularly a rendezvous for the Bohemian *literati*. They figure as the steady patrons from week to week, the popular columnist (we speak generically) who has attained a vogue that used to belong only to the *matinée* idol, the critics, the younger set of publishers; and the corners are filled in with artists from The Village, or an actor or actress from uptown. Of the food at The Brevoort there has never been any question. If the choosing of *hors d'oeuvres* appeals to you—personally we could dine entirely and interminably on them, so much they intrigue our palate and our *joie de vivre*—those at The Brevoort are unusually amusing.

Dine a bit late at your Brevoort, so that you can piece out the time till around nine o'clock and then plan to arrive at The Capitol, the big, beautiful moving-picture house on Broadway at 51st Street, about 9.30, the time when the second overture commences.

Those who are in touch with affairs theatrical like to go to The Capitol on Sunday evening, it is said, because on that night Mr. Rothafel, its commandant, known endearingly to his intimates as "Roxy," is broadcasting. This in some subtle way is supposed

to influence the atmosphere of the place, giving it a more *chez nous* feeling, which radiates through the audience. We trust you get what we mean, and that you do not remain unsusceptible to "it."

Coming out of The Capitol, which should be around 11:30, there will be a little time to kill before departing on your way downtown to The Village again, which we want you to do to visit Barney Gallant's. But that becomes most interesting as morning approaches.

In order to arrive at the proper moment suppose, for the space of half an hour you wander a block over on Seventh Avenue and then four blocks down to almost 47th Street, just opposite the Columbia Burlesque, where you will find a little hole in the wall called "El Rancho." Climb on a stool there and "snap up" the appetite with hot tomatoes, or chili con carne, of the best in town.

Or if you wish to dispose of a bit more time make your way up to the Alamac Hotel at 71st and Broadway, for a dance or two—for further details of which we refer you to the next page.

### LET'S GO

ON then, after The Alamac or "El Rancho," to Barney Gallant's. You're sure to find much there to please the eye and ear if only in staring at and hearkening to the occupants of the surrounding tables. You may not be able to pick them all out, but they're sure to be people of more or less importance.

And on the way home, if you must make it a day, drop in for breakfast at Reuben's at 59th Street and Madison Avenue. This place, however, is better for a Sunday than a Monday morning breakfast, better meaning more popular and consequently more atmospheric.

And now as to The Alamac.

This hotel boasts two surprisingly unique restaurants. Down a few steps, through a scarlet and orange entrance, you pass a telephone booth in the shape of an old-fashioned sentry box, and step into the Medieval Grille. Designed by Winold Reiss, this restaurant is indeed different. Artistic and novel portraits in metal cover one-half of the walls, while at other points are colorful paintings.



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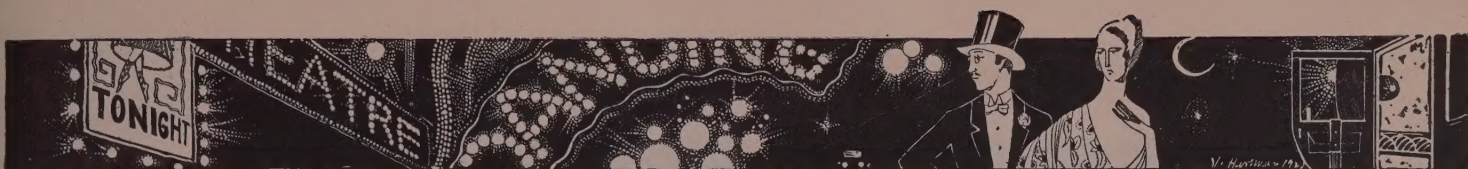
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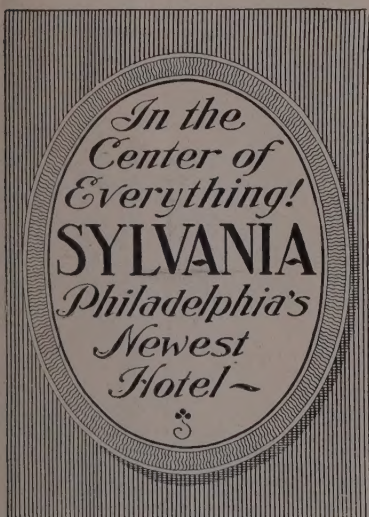


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#### CONGOISM VS. MEDIEVALISM

AT the very top of The Alamac is its other restaurant, The Congo Room, which you enter through the mouth of an African war mask. It is a feasting room, cool and colorful, also designed by Winold Reiss. African foliage, birds and beasts surround you on all sides. You sit in a straw-topped African hut, some of these being reproductions of chieftains' houses, and some of cannibals' hovels. Fantastic monkeys and birds carved of wood are perched about, while all the chairs of this original room resemble male and female cannibals. Beginning with the warm weather huge doors open and one may sit on the balcony surrounding the room, insuring an absence of summer heat. Paul Specht and his enchanting orchestra play from 10 P. M. nightly.

#### SOMETHING NEW IN COFFEE HOUSES

LEAVING for the moment the question of Sunday nights, let us list a place of which you will like to know, especially if your daily routine is linked with the Grand Central Station—the Sanka Coffee House at Madison Avenue and Forty-first Street. Sanka coffee is coffee with the caffeine removed so that it has no injurious effects on the system and will not cause sleeplessness. It is not "one of those" coffee substitutes, but the real article which looks, smells and tastes exactly like coffee. This The Sanka

Coffee House specializes in, though you may have the coffee with caffeine there too, in a very superior blend. The whole idea has been brought over from the other side where Sanka Coffee Houses are well known in different countries. This one on Madison Avenue is the first in a chain that is later to be established.

You will find the atmosphere of the place charming . . . seats round the wall, a nice soft light, plenty of room, delicious sandwiches and "specialty" dishes. The rolls and pastry are a feature, the pastry cooks having all been brought over from Bremen for this coffee house alone. Know for your benefit that there is a room upstairs as well as one downstairs, so that if one is filled the other won't be, and that one of them is always open from eight till one o'clock in the morning.

#### ARE YOU COMING TO NEW YORK?

IF you are coming to New York for the Democratic Convention, or for summer shopping, or passing through the city on your way to Europe, or to a summer resort, or if you are just simply coming to New York, write us for a copy of THE PLAY GUIDE, so that you may plan your theatregoing before you reach here. Through the brief and snappy résumés of the current plays which it gives you are enabled to avoid those that would bore you and select those that would amuse. Moreover, many of our readers have written us to plan a weekend for them. Address: THE PLAY GUIDE, THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th St., New York City, sending four cents in stamps to cover the cost of mailing, and a copy will be sent you immediately.

ANNE ARCHBALD



The entrance to The Congo Room of The Hotel Alamac, showing the African war mask which forms the door, and two of the chairs carved as male and female cannibals



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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIX. No. 279

JUNE, 1924



Nickolas Muray

BLANCHE YURKA  
*as The Woman in "Man and the Masses"*





THE NAUTCH DANCER

*A Dance Study of Ada Forman by Maurice Goldberg*



# THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLLOW, Editor



## Olla Podrida

### *A Bad Case of Movieactoritis*

THE ridiculous scenes that attended the opening of the new film *The Thief of Bagdad*, when the approaches to the Liberty Theatre, and the auditorium itself, were packed with a dense, perspiring, vociferous mob, bent not so much on viewing the new picture—for most of the people packed along the Forty-Second Street curb had not the slightest chance of getting anywhere near the box-office—as on seeing the nimble Doug. Fairbanks and the pulchritudinous Mary Pickford in the flesh, causes the judicious to grieve and wonder if, at this end of the first quarter of the new century, our movie fans—men and women both—are not showing themselves entirely bereft of their senses.

What is there about a Cinema star that excites people to prostrate themselves in this absurd hero worship? Actors in the legitimate are not run after in this grotesque fashion. John Barrymore is a great stage favorite, but who would dream of taking the trouble to cross the road merely to see him stroll along Fifth Avenue? Jane Cowl has a host of admirers, yet who would make a noisy invasion of the restaurant in which she might happen to be lunching, merely to gaze upon her beauty? Fairbanks and his wife cannot show their faces in public without being mobbed. In London the police had to use their night sticks to clear a café in which they were dining, and the stars themselves were unable to go on with their meal, so great was the frenzied urge to see them. In a way this attention is flattering. But when one sees it bestowed indiscriminately on Dempsey, the slugger; Babe Ruth, the homer; and John Daniel II, the chimpanzee, the compliment is less subtle.

If that be fame—the pushing, jostling, staring of a noisy, leering crowd—few will aspire to its empty, vacuous glory. One cannot expect perhaps too much from the Pleistocene intelligence of the typical movie fan, but one at least gives him credit for some shred of common sense and self respect. On such occasions as the *The Thief of Bagdad's* first night, when one sees a vast city's traffic stopped, and a whole population in delirium before its idol—a couple of movie actors—one realizes with mixed feelings of shame and pity to what abysmal depths the motion-picture craze has degraded a people.

### *The Proscenium Theatre Box*

THE proscenium theatre box today is as archaic as the Pyramids, as old-fashioned and out of date as the antimacassar. Yet theatre owners, unable to break away from time-honored custom, refuse to throw them into the discard. In some playhouses of the more modern type, they have been done away with altogether, but in most theatres, even those recently built, boxes continue to obtrude themselves in tiers up and down the sides of a house, adding nothing to the beauty of the structure as a whole. Actually, they are eyesores.

Formerly boxes served a distinct purpose—that of dressing the house. Box holders wore shining raiment. Evening dress was *de rigueur* for the men, and jewels glittered and

flashed on the fair women who leaned back negligently in the upholstered chairs languidly waving fans or focusing opera-glasses. Nowadays it is only on first nights that the boxes are filled with appropriately attired parties. Other nights they are either empty altogether—their cavernous yawning spaces painfully suggestive of a lack of public interest in the particular play on view—or they are filled with “deadheads” or whatever other unshaven, unkempt flotsam and jetsam of Broadway chance to drift up to the box office. One would think that every effort of an intelligent management would be directed to see into it that the boxes were not allowed to be empty. If the boxes cannot be sold they might be given away—with the proviso that those accepting the courtesy should at least perform their ablutions and put on a clean collar before coming to the theatre. This method, while not profitable, is at least better than leaving the boxes empty or filling them with a motley, miscellaneous crowd that only makes the house look drab and cheap.

### *Americans at the Metropolitan*

WHETHER or not the bombshell which Mr. William A. Brady threw into the august operatic institution at Broadway and 39th Street was loaded with T.N.T. or simply mustard gas, it has proved a dud as far as the Metropolitan Opera directors go. Mr. Brady averred that the American artist has no chance at the Metropolitan, and a few weeks later the Metropolitan extended Signor Gatti-Casazza's contract as General Manager until 1929. It is evident that the directors of the Opera House are fully satisfied with the present management whether the American singer has a chance or not. The truth is that Mr. Brady's attack was beside the point; American artists—some of them—do have a chance at the Metropolitan. The names of Clarence Whitehill, Rosa Ponselle, Jeanne Gordon, Mario Chamlee, Edward Johnson, Florence Easton and Queena Mario are proof of this. On the other hand, the American artists singing first rôles are much smaller than the number of foreign artists. But the reason and the remedy are alike patent—America needs opera-houses where American singers can be trained.

The beginner, despite such exceptions as Mario Chamlee and Rosa Ponselle, has little chance at the Metropolitan. In order to assume first parts a singer must first win his spurs either in Europe in these parts, or in a long series of lesser parts at the Metropolitan. Needless to say, the latter course is heartbreaking. By its wealth the Metropolitan is able to attract the best singers of all nations, and Americans must be able to equal these singers in their own fields. The vocal material of the American singer is today the finest in the world. What he must have is an opportunity to develop it. This the Metropolitan does not afford. The Metropolitan, though situated in New York, is not a national but an international institution. What America needs are national or municipal popular-priced opera-houses. Then and then only will Mr. Brady's dream come true and Americans have their chance in opera.





Nickolas Muray

EUGENE O'NEILL: DRAMATIST

*The Most Commanding and Promising Figure in the American Theatre*



# Eugene O'Neill—The Inner Man

*America's Most Gifted Playwright Tells Why He Dramatizes the Seamy Side of Life*

(Exclusive Interview for THEATRE MAGAZINE by CAROL BIRD)

INTERVIEWING Eugene O'Neill is like extracting testimony from a reluctant witness. In fact, to use the word "interview" in connection with him is to employ almost a misnomer. Certainly it is an inapplicable designation. An interview presupposes a colloquy. A flow of words between two persons. Nothing more erroneous could be circulated about the creator of *Anna Christie*, *The Hairy Ape* and *Beyond the Horizon* than that he ever was verbose for publication. For that matter, I doubt that he has ever before given out an interview. He shuns publicity as did Mme. Duse and Maude Adams, and follows the habit they established of keeping out of the limelight as much as possible.

Certainly Broadway never sees Eugene O'Neill. He has a place called Brook Farm, at Ridgefield, Connecticut, and most of his time is spent there. On rare occasions, during a rehearsal period of one of his plays, he may be seen around the Provincetown Playhouse in Greenwich Village. But the glittering uptown theatrical district would never call him a mixer.

And yet that simile about "a reluctant witness" is not exactly apt. Reluctance is disinclination. Unwillingness to yield. Eugene O'Neill's uncommunicativeness is not due to any stubborn impulse. He is simply by nature extremely taciturn. Taciturn. Laconic. Reserved. Shy. Four serviceable words to use to describe him. One or two others must be employed. Compassionate, for instance. And it was that magic word—compassion—which opened to me the gates to the inner O'Neill. That hidden self which he does not find easy to reveal.

It was in the little dusty office of the Provincetown Playhouse that I attempted to draw out Eugene O'Neill and get his opinions. These opinions to be broadcasted to the readers of THEATRE MAGAZINE. At this tiny Village theatre, or experimental laboratory, Mr. O'Neill's much-discussed *All God's Chillun Got Wings* was in rehearsal. His dramatic arrangement of Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* was being prepared for its opening night.

Mr. O'Neill, who has been called America's greatest living playwright, entered the musty little room cluttered with papers, and sat down on the edge of a chair. He is a slender, lean-faced man of medium build, with only one outstanding feature—his eyes. They are somber, with a tender melancholy in their dark depths. In repose, with his eyes downcast, his face is ordinary. But, touch a responsive chord, and his countenance is illumined by a slow, rare smile. His eyes soften and glow. A most astounding transformation is wrought in the man.

Now I am almost tempted to delete this entire descriptive paragraph. Upon consideration, I fear that the subject of this

interview will be impatient with this prodigal use of words. I am beginning to develop a word complex. I acknowledge their superfluity. It is a feeling carried over from the interview. I have a desire to be concise. Pithy. Direct. O'Neill's impatience with inconsequential words and circumlocution has engulfed me.

Eugene O'Neill fixes me with his somber eyes. I ask him about *All God's Chillun Got Wings*, his play which has brought about such a storm of protest, because it has

**"Why not give the public an insight into the under dog's existence? People who have suffered do not need these reminders. But there are those who have not been touched by misery. These may well suffer, by proxy, for a few hours in the theatre."**

been misunderstood and believed to be a play dealing with miscegenation. He silently hands me a typewritten statement which was issued sometime ago when the storm first broke. Does he not wish to add something to this? Give it a more timely twist? No. Nothing. The paper crackles loudly in the quiet room. Pregnant silence. More questions. More laconic responses. Waves of silence surge over us.

Silence. Silence. More questions, beginnings, attempts to secure opinions, statements, anything but monosyllables. Futility! Suddenly, I am overcome with a sense of the ridiculous. Here are two people whose very careers oppose this sort of conduct. A playwright who deals in words. A writer who juggles them daily. Sitting across from each other in silence, apparently overcome with shyness. I long to burst out: "This is funny. What are we afraid of? Why don't we talk easily, naturally?"

I decide to stop dallying. My approach must be direct—must convey to this man that I understand something of his ideals. For, in all the silence, Eugene O'Neill has revealed much. I feel that he is profoundly

compassionate, an idealist, a lover of humanity; but that he is impatient with superficialities; feels contempt for social veneer. Perhaps I have gathered something of this from his plays. But sitting with him in silence has told me much. This surely is genius. Magnetism. To say little and yet convey to another much of one's personality. It marks a man as one out of the ordinary. Gives him a distinct aura.

"You write to arouse the compassion of mankind. You are deeply interested in humanity."

Eugene O'Neill's look is piercing. His eyes smile and soften. The illumined look. The sign that the responsive chord has been touched. After that the way is easy. Though do not imagine that he ever indulges in prolixity. It is apparent always that Eugene O'Neill will never be accused of pleonasm. Wordiness is alien to his nature. What he has to say he says succinctly.

"Yes, I care only for humanity. I wish to arouse compassion. For the unfortunate. The suffering. The oppressed."

More attempts to draw him out on the subject of inspired writing. Writing with a purpose. He disclaims any such motives.

"I do not write with a premeditated purpose. I write of life as I see it. As it exists for many of us. If people leave the theatre after one of my plays with a feeling of compassion for those less fortunate than they I am satisfied. I have not written in vain."

But Mr. O'Neill's remarks are even less redundant than they appear thus quoted. He answers in a word or two. The interviewer must supply the trimmings—those additional words which round out a thought. Eugene O'Neill shies from wordiness as from the plague. I rather imagine that a loquacious person would cause him to writhe. Or put him to sleep. Or, more likely, sink him into a slough of indifference. For Eugene O'Neill is indifferent to life's superfluities. Periphrasis bores him unutterably.

Reminded that he has been charged with writing of only the sordid, seamy side of life, of poor and sinful wretches, and the futility of their lives, he insists:

"It is life as I see it. As it exists. People whose ways of living are bright and easy are dramatized frequently and continuously. Why not give the public a chance to see how the other fellow lives? Give it an insight into the under dog's existence, a momentary glimpse of his burdens, his sufferings, his handicaps? It affords an opportunity for that more fortunate strata of society to see the sort of life which their brothers far down the social scale must face each day. If they are inspired to help those unhappy brothers, the writing and producing of a so-called tragic play is worth while.

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# Honesty in the Theatre

*Claptrap and Sickly Sentimentality the Real Obstacles to the Growth of a Vigorous Native Drama*

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

*Author of Upstream, etc.*

THE wonder is not that there are so many plays of foreign origin on our stage today; the wonder is that there are so few.

Once the entire English-speaking theatre lived on importations from the Continent. The famous Augustin Daly starred John Drew, and John Drew's contemporaries in rather sorry plays made over from the German; British playwrights of the second and third quarter of the nineteenth century had come to depend so wholly on trade-goods from Paris, that Jones and Pinero announced their early works with a significant emphasis as "original plays."

We have changed all that. If there is no British drama, there are several eminent and one great dramatists; if there is as yet no American dramatist who can be called great in even the tentative sense in which I have just called Shaw so, there is—to anyone who has eyes to see—an American drama. There are, I must repeat, comparatively few foreign plays on our stage. But they make up in significance what they lack in numbers.

Being human, we still import some trash—the picture post-card sentimentality of *The Swan*, the gaudy and shoddy romanticism of *The Moonflower*. But these are happily overshadowed by the nobility of *Saint Joan*—if Shaw is indeed to be called a foreigner—by the splendor of *The Miracle*, by the grace, wisdom, charm of *Fata Morgana*. If to these I add Mr. Walter Hampden's eloquent revival of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and also set down the fact that Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly borrowed the complete structure of their amusing and sagacious *Beggar on Horseback*, from a German original, I shall have exhausted the foreign contributions to the forty-three "legitimate attractions" which, at this moment—March 10th—occupy the theatres of New York.

## RECENT ATTEMPTS AT HONESTY

LET me for a moment set down over against these foreign plays a number of American plays of very varying value, artistic seriousness, dramaturgic skill, but all having this in common, that they are drawn from the sources of our American life with some attempt at truth, at nature, at that fundamental honesty of observation without which both drama and fiction are but sounding brass. These plays are: *The Goose Hangs High*, *Hell-Bent for Heaven*, *Meet the Wife*, *Mister Pitt*, *The New Englander*, *New Toys*, *The Potters*, *The Show-Off*, *The Shame Woman*, *The Song and Dance Man*, *Sunup*, *Tarnish*. If we keep these in mind and remember the delightful and amusing revival of *Fashion*, the great American hit of the year 1845, we shall see at once that I do not exaggerate when I say that there are fewer foreign plays on our stage than in any other period, because we need fewer, and

that these foreign plays are better in quality than the foreign plays of long ago since they must be so in order to compete with the works of our native dramatists. And that is true at this moment, even though there is not at the present writing playing in New York any work of Arthur Richman, Elmer Rice, Susan Glaspell or Eugene O'Neill.

## SOUND WORK NEEDS CRITICAL SENSE

OUR American theatre, in brief, is in a position today that is more satisfactory and more truly self-respecting than ever before. The strong influence of German Expressionism which we have received in such plays as Mr. O'Neill's *Emperor Jones* and *The Hairy Ape*, Mr. Rice's *The Adding Machine*, Mr. Lawson's *Roger Bloomer*, is an influence of that legitimate and historic kind that has always led to the fructifying of one literature by another. It was thus that the English dramatists of the Restoration drew from France, thus that the French drama of the seventeenth century drew from Spain, Italy, antiquity, thus that the German naturalists of thirty years ago drew from Ibsen and Strindberg. The commonwealth of art is one.

I am myself a great admirer of these American plays that are expressionistic in method. But I am a little afraid that the wide adoption of that method would be premature and thus have the frailty of all things that happen before they or their time are ripe. If we examine the American plays that I have listed, and especially if we reflect on the best and most fruitful of them, we shall see that the effort of the typical American playwright today is, as indeed it should be, a realistic or naturalistic one, that it is, like the effort of our admirable new novelists and even poets, an effort to understand ourselves, and our civilization, to set down those facts of life, and of the soul from which alone an interpretative, a synthetic vision can fruitfully arise.

We are at the stage of our development in the drama in which the Europeans, especially the Germans whom we are imitating so widely, were thirty years ago. It is a natural, a proper, an inevitable stage of development. It is one that should not be interrupted, even though it be interrupted by works in them—brilliant and charming. Sound literature of whatever kind needs at its foundation the critical sense, the sense for fact, the loyalty to the nature of things, and the progression of events. I shall be fearful of having our dramatists go to school to neo-romanticists or expressionists so long as it is possible for American folk-plays as honestly observed and imagined as the plays of Miss Lulu Vollmer to end so dishonestly, shoddily, melodramatically. In other words, I would not have the American dramatist,

to use a very humble figure, try to leap and even fly when he has not yet learned to walk firmly and undeviatingly to a necessary goal.

Neo-romanticism and expressionism are dangerous to a literature that has not undergone the discipline of naturalism. The various European literatures have undergone that discipline. We are but beginning to submit ourselves to it. The instinct that makes us do so is a sound and admirable one. My hope is that such gorgeous neo-romantic spectacles as *The Miracle*, for instance, do not dazzle us into neglecting that humble and concrete dramatic plowing up of our native soil which is the necessary precursor here, as it has been the necessary precursor elsewhere, of a drama which can afford to be freely imaginative and philosophically daring.

What is true of the life of an entire dramatic literature is no less true of the life and development of a great dramatist. Bernard Shaw, always primarily a critical and speculative mind, began by writing of landlords and brothels, and the things that happen in the houses of ordinary people before he ventured upon the apocalyptic visions of *Methusaleh*, or the imaginative and symbolic interpretation of all history in *Saint Joan*. Hauptmann wrote about farmers who found coal on their land, and janitors and draymen and the tragedies of humble souls before he essayed in *Henry of Aue* to lift the problem of evil into a poetic and philosophic vision. Let the American dramatist watch both whole literatures, and the careers of the masters. To a modern writer, to a modern literature, the discipline of naturalism builds bone and flesh and muscle and feeds the blood.

## AFRAID OF THE TRUTH

THE MIRACLE enchants me; *Saint Joan* exalts me. From the point of view of the American playwright and the American audience, I welcome with the utmost delight such a play as Ernst Vajda's *Fata Morgana*. Its subject is adolescence, its aspirations, its difficulties, its tragedies. We have American plays about adolescence and adolescents. These plays have been written largely by Mr. Booth Tarkington, and are superficially pleasant and amusing, and constantly shirk every vital truth and every vital issue. I am not sure whether Mr. Tarkington is afraid of the truth or whether he, in common with other American playwrights, has simply not yet mastered the representation of it. Vajda shirks nothing, extenuates nothing. The tragedy of youth is in the degradation of sex; its glory is the raising of sex into fruitful experience through its blending with poetry and aspiration. All that Vajda makes clear, all that he delineates

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OUR BROADWAY PRODUCERS—No. 4, MR. DAVID BELASCO

*The Wizard Whose Realism Discourages Nature. Next Month: Who Discovered the U. S. A.?*

(Caricature by John Decker)



# War Play Stirs Parisians to Wrath

"*Le Tombeau Sous L'Arc de Triomphe*" a Bitter Protest of Youth Against the Immunity of the Older Men

By GUY HICKOK

PARIS, April 1, 1924.

FRANCE'S National theatre, the Comédie Française, has presented the first war play of importance to be given since Armistice Day. It is *Le Tombeau Sous L'Arc de Triomphe*, by Paul Raynal, a dramatist-hitherto practically unknown.

Though the piece is today calmly accepted as one of the masterpieces in the Théâtre Français repertoire, the first dozen performances created a tumult that threatened to develop into a theatrical war such as has not been known since the heroic days of Macready and Forrest. The ordinarily polite audience at the famous old National theatre, the *élite* of the Paris theatre-going public, divided itself into two opposing camps, hooting and applauding alternately, and doing both with equal frenzy. The action was halted and the dialogue submerged. The subtle effects aimed at by the author, the actors and the producers were destroyed. The meaning of the play was lost.

The strife spread quickly into the press; but even here the interpretation of the piece was confused and uncertain. Bitter criticism and glowing praise filled columns of news print; but nobody knew quite what the row was all about. It was only after the tumult and the shouting died down that the play was judged on its real merits, only then that the first antagonisms were set aside. The play still enjoys a good deal of what the French call a "success of curiosity." It still arouses partisan emotions in the breasts of its audiences. Scenes are still greeted by unusually sharp hand-clapping or unusually chilly silence. And between the acts the chatter of conversation is still more often heated than not. But the piece is presented as written, without unseemly interruptions, and with poignant effect due its splendid conception, fine prose, and masterly performance by the members of the Français company.

## NOT A PUBLICITY STUNT

TO Americans it may seem incredible, but all this demonstration was achieved without a line of "press work." Not a hint of the controversial character of the tragedy preceded the first performance. The author, Paul Raynal, has neither given an interview to the French press, nor has he permitted a single photograph of himself to be taken. The result is that the most discussed dramatic author in France is still unknown to the public.

Raynal has left his play to fight its own battle; and there is no one in Paris who will not admit now that the battle is won.

For a foreign audience, however, some foreword to the play is necessary. And in view of the fact that American managers have already approached Raynal on the subject of a New York production the author consented to explain his tragedy

for the readers of THEATRE MAGAZINE.

*Le Tombeau Sous L'Arc de Triomphe* is an obvious reference to the grave of France's "Unknown," buried under the great arch celebrating the military genius



Courtesy: Librairie Stock, Paris

The soldier of the play is something of a stern Christ, giving his life for the world, but demanding an understanding of the sacrifice. There is more than a suggestion of the Christ in this photograph, taken of Paul Raynal, the author, after fifteen months' continuous fighting

of Napoleon I. As a tragedy, the play maintains the unities of time and place laid down by Aristotle. The action occupies approximately the actual time of performance. An exception to the Greek tradition, however, is that instead of telling a story of long ago, it is a presentation of atmosphere and circumstance fresh in the consciousness of everyone in the theatre. It evokes for most of them the bitterest period of their lives, that harrowing time of suspense when the future showed no glow of light and every day brought its added sorrow. It is a war play, presented to an audience nearly every member of which was either in the mud and filth of the trenches, or in the dark confusion and harrowing

anxiety of the country immediately behind.

It is on the contrast of the psychology and philosophy of the trenches with that of the rear that the conflict is based. American families had difficulty in understanding the spirit of the sons who returned from the front after the war was over. But the difficulty in French families was accentuated by the fact that men came home on leave, not when the fight was over, but while it was still raging. The *poilu's* people were nearer to the bitter fact than the doughboy's family three thousand miles away. But even if only five miles, or one mile away, the spiritual distance between the Hell of the trench and the comparative Heaven of the home was one that no mind could leap.

## AUTHOR FOUGHT IN THE TRENCHES

RAYNAL, the author, was a *poilu*. In his play he became the spokesman of the inarticulate millions who had tried to express their case against the rear and failed. He has been deluged with letters from ex-soldiers who have identified his expression of the soldiers' mentality as their own.

After fourteen months of fighting the unnamed *poilu* comes home on leave to visit his father and marry his fiancée. His suffering at the front has stripped his conception of life of all its trimmings. He has become a stoic. No religious faith supports him. No patriotic fervor exalts him. He hates the war and all who make it. He has submitted to its torture, but in a spirit of revolt. He accepts it fatalistically as something execrable, but from which neither he nor any other soldier can escape.

To this stern and hopeless abnegation he joins an unyielding demand that the rest shall shoulder their part of the load. He cannot understand how civilians in the rear, who pretend to love the victims of the disaster can allow themselves to be amused and diverted by the soft habits of before the war. He has stripped away every human weakness. He has renounced every pleasure, every comfort, every amelioration of life either physical or spiritual, and in addition he has renounced life itself. He considers himself as one already dead. He cannot understand that those for whom he has made the renunciation should have gone back after the first few weeks of black terror to an approximation of normal living.

His father and his sweetheart, on the other hand, no matter how excellent their intentions, nor how much they love him, cannot put themselves in harmony with his mood. He seems changed, bitter, cruel, brutal. He bursts into their tranquil existence like an earthquake. And with the best will in the world they cannot conceal their feeling that they will be happier when the earthquake is over.

Out of this dilemma arise the most

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Goldberg

### CLARE EAMES AS LADY MACBETH

An actress whose fine intelligence and graphic play of voice, body and feature, in a wholly original interpretation, quickened with new interest the classic rôle





Irene Delroy and the old-fashioned girls in a colonial number



Cavera, one of the fresh young chorus beauties who delights the eye



Genevieve Tierney. This charmer also adds to the zest and sparkle of the new Revue



Photos by White, N. Y.



James Alderman, Odette Myrtil and Irene Delroy. The delightful atmosphere of another and more romantic age permeates this attractive music number

J. Harold Murray and Odette Myrtil, the principals who contribute lilt-ing song numbers and a few fervid love scenes

Jimmy Savo and Fred Allen, inimitable comedians, keep their audience chuckling over their nonsensical and original patter



## THE NEW PLAY

*"Vogues of 1924"—a Lively First Edition of Shuberts' New Annual Revue*



# Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



## Man and the Masses

Tragedy in seven scenes translated by Louis Untermeyer from the German of Ernst Toller. Produced by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick, April 14th, with this cast:

The Woman, Blanche Yurka; The Man, Ullrich Haupt; The Nameless One, Jacob Ben-Ami; The Companion, Arthur Hughes; First Banker, A. P. Kaye; The Condemned One, John McGovern; First Working Man, Maurice McRae; A Working Woman, Pauline Moore; An Officer, Charles Tazewell; A Priest, Erskine Sanford; First Woman Prisoner, Zita Johann; Second Woman Prisoner, Mariette Hyde.

IT is difficult to understand what the Theatre Guild saw in this gloomy, depressing, dull play that they should waste on it the talents and energies of their organization. It is said that Lee Simonson came back from Germany raving about *Masse Mensch* and talked his fellow directors into doing it here. Louis Untermeyer was entrusted with the job of putting it into English, and the result is the strange, incoherent, formless thing called *Man and the Masses*, now on review at the Garrick.

If Ernst Toller's "tragedy of the social revolution" were only good theatre, it would be welcome no matter how red its doctrines. But it's not drama, nor even good revolutionary propaganda. The author himself—a man whose life has been devoted to championing the wrongs of the proletariat and who is now doing time in a German prison for alleged treasonable activities against the State—does not even seem very clear as to his own position. His play (half its scenes real, the other half dream visions) purports to set forth his philosophy of revolution and this—when the smoke has cleared away—appears to be that no cause can ever be rightly won at the cost of human life, in other words, that all violence is damnable whether committed by the workers or by the autocrat. Brotherly love, he insists, is the only panacea for the ills of the world—a sound, if not very original, thought.

The principal characters are: the Woman, a revolutionist in theory, a pacifist at heart; the Man, her husband, a conservative loyal to the State; and the Nameless One, the spirit of the masses, who preaches bloody revolt. After the Woman has called the workers to action and broken with her husband, she is appalled at the whirlwind she has sown. She recoils from bloodshed, but it is too late; she is swept along with the rest, and, when the uprising is ruthlessly suppressed by the State, she is led to execution.

There are fine moments in the play and some of the stage pictures are striking, but taken as a whole it has no literary value and is quite devoid of any political, economic or moral significance. No matter how warmly one may sympathize with suffering humanity, constant reiteration on one doleful key becomes tiresome.

The black funeral cloth settings and the weird lighting make for monotony and depression. The most effective tableaux are the dream showing the grotesque and distorted stock exchange scene where the brokers "fatten on human flesh" and perform a *danse macabre* around the stock ticker; the Meeting Hall of the revolutionists where the woman addresses the grouped workers, urging a peaceable strike, but overruled by the Nameless One who insists on a bloody revolt; the Last Stand of the defeated insurgents, and the Prison where the Woman is led forth to die.

Blanche Yurka gave an intelligent but not an

EQUITY PLAYERS, INC., have been so unlucky of late in their pick of plays that when a real success comes their way it is received by the audience with demonstrations of almost exaggerated delight. This is not taking from Rachel Crothers' smart little comedy any of the kudos which is its due. It is merely stressing the point that quite the unexpected happened. The author's clever and hilarious situations, her unusually witty dialogue, the excellence of the acting and the admirable stage direction took everyone by surprise, swept the audience off its feet, and enabled the new piece to register one of the biggest hits of the season.

*Expressing Willie* is a humorous *exposé* of poseurs who gabble about self expression when, in reality, their shallow souls have nothing to express. The Willie (Richard Sterling) is a millionaire manufacturer of tooth paste who has an Italian palace on Long Island and is awed by the pseudo-fashionables and fakirs who flock about him. His mother (Louise Closser Hale), anxious to find a remedy, imports a music teacher (Chrystal Herne), a simple little thing who loved Willie long ago, and who is dazed by the seeming importance of the gay set in which he moves.

There are no dramatic climaxes in the usual sense, but the irony of the situations is perfect. The lines are delicious, the sallies of wit irresistible. As a satirist, Miss Crothers has a keen sense of character analysis. The chattering egoists she has created are,

by turns, amusing and irritating. All of them have counterparts in real life—those hopelessly conceited fools who, lacking genius for real creative work, attempt to give themselves personality by means of expressing a weird philosophy which they think is top notch. They neither spin nor weave, but my, how they can talk!

The real genius displayed by the seasoned playwright who wrote this comedy is that in the mouse-like music teacher she has created an admirable contrast character to the chatters who babble their way through the three acts. Minnie Whitcomb, beautifully acted by Miss Herne, is herself enmeshed in inhibitions, but her fine inner self is well worth expressing. She stands out as a fine, sincere human creature utterly without social hypocrisy. Finally, inspired to reveal herself by a blustering artist among the self-expressionists, she shows her spark of divine genius in a burst of glorious music. Also by tearing away the veil of self-delusion from the enamored vision of Willie, who, surrounded by flattering jacksnapes, has not had a true slant on humanity.

Too much cannot be said for the fine cast and their work. It was apparent on the opening night that each one of the actors was imbued with the conviction that here was an Equity play on which it was well worth while expending his best efforts. Each seemed to appreciate to the utmost the irony of their lines and busi-

## Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Fine pictorial revival of Rostand's famous romantic play. Splendidly acted by Walter Hampden and brilliant cast.

EXPRESSING WILLIE—Delightful and highly amusing comedy of American life, admirably acted by an exceptional cast. One of season's biggest hits.

OUTWARD BOUND—A most unusual and absorbingly interesting play dealing with the hereafter.

SAINT JOAN—Fine historical drama by Bernard Shaw. Admirably acted by Winifred Lenihan and associates.

THE MIRACLE—Stupendous religious spectacle. The finest thing ever seen in this country.

THE OUTSIDER—London success which is meeting with equal favor here. Play deals with so-called "cures" by unlicensed medical practitioners.

THE SWAN—Delightful romantic comedy, admirably acted by Eva Le Gallienne and supporting cast.

inspired performance as the Woman. Ben-Ami, who played the Nameless One, and Ullrich Haupt, who acted the Husband, were both handicapped by their foreign accents. As the Prince Consort in *Queen Victoria*, Mr. Haupt's Teutonic accent served him well. It was a natural and appropriate touch in an otherwise authoritative and charming characterization. But there is no excuse for the Husband in *Masse Mensch* speaking with a German accent. It disturbed the harmony of the picture. The same argument is equally applicable to Ben-Ami. The Theatre Guild has made an attractive feature of its foreign plays, but the foreign flavor should be confined to the plays themselves and not include their American interpreters.

## Expressing Willie

Comedy in three acts by Rachel Crothers. Produced by Equity Players, Inc., at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, on April 16th, with this cast:

Minnie Whitcomb, Chrystal Herne; Mrs. Smith, Louise Closser Hale; Simpson, Douglas Garden; Reynolds, John Gerard; Willie Smith, Richard Sterling; Taliaferro, Alan Brooks; Dolly Cadwalader, Molly McIntyre; George Cadwalader, Warren William; Frances Sylvester, Merle Maddern; Jean, Louise Waller.



ness, and feel the weight of the cloak of satire which mockingly enfolded them.

Alan Brooks has one grand, glorious time in the meaty rôle of an artist, revealing himself to the limit. Merle Maddern revels in the gorgeous part of a man-eating hypocrite whose lack of sincerity is obvious to every one but her victim. Molly McIntyre acts with spontaneity the part of a sophisticated young matron of the smart set, while Louise Closser Hale, as the tart-tongued mother of Willie, and Richard Sterling as Willie himself, are more than effective as ordinary mortals who chance to be thrown in with a set of pretenders.

Professional *intelligentsia* would do well to stay away from this play. It will mock them. But those who delight in dissecting and detecting the foibles of shams will delight in the smart satire.

### Vogues

Musical Revue in two acts. Book and lyrics by Fred Thompson and Clifford Grey. Music by Herbert Stothart. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Shubert Theatre on March 27th, with these principals:

Annette Bade, Betty Compton, May Boley, Charles Brown, John V. Lowe, James Alderman, Odette Myrtil, J. Harold Murray, Joseph Toner, Beatrice Swanson, Jimmy Savo, Fred Allen, Alice Manning, Marcella Swanson, George Anderson, Irene Delroy, Edward Scanlon, Hal Van Rensalaer, Pasqualis.

**A**JOYOUS new revue. A delightful harbinger of the Spring dramatic season. *Vogues* delights the eye with colorful nuances, lovely settings, fresh young chorus beauties.

The costumes are crisply new and artistic; the score is excellent, while the comedy has an original twist—ingredients enough to ensure a successful revue.

But *Vogues'* principal attraction is its variety. Like George Cohan's musical comedies, it contains a pinch of this and a dash of that—seasoned to satisfy orchestra and the gallery.

There is Odette Myrtil. She shrugs and writhes and slithers her hips in serpentine glidings, her sinuous body decked and undecked in eye-bedazzling fashion. She satisfies those who want *diablerie* larded between the numbers. Odette's antithesis is demure Irene Delroy, small, young, dimpled, who wears quaint costumes of another age. For those who admire stately attractiveness there is the Swanson pair—Beatrice and Marcella, blonde and excellent foils for the brunette Odette.

Less exacting patrons, who crave only beauty of face and form, find plenty of it in a trim, well trained chorus, the members of which are all young and fair to look upon. The comedy lovers have a trio, roly-poly May Boley, and the sublimely idiotic Fred Allen and Jimmy Savo. In addition there are singers, acrobats, eccentric and fancy dancers, and a few Russian sword swallows. Variety, forsooth!

While Odette Myrtil, as the princess, is the featured player, and occupies the stage most of the time, there are lesser lights in the cast who almost outshine her. The Pasqualis, for instance, an acrobatic team which is forced to take a number of curtain calls. Their stunts are original, not a little difficult to execute, and were excellently done. The Pasqualis are billed inconspicuously, but they are by no means an inconspicuous part of the revue. J. Harold Murray, a tenor with a splendid voice, sings far better than the average artiste in a musical comedy or revue.

The travesties on a few of the Broadway successes are amusing, the tableaux things of rare beauty, and the mad patter of that inimitable pair, Fred Allen and Jimmy Savo, an endless delight.

In brief, *Vogues* is a whale of a show.

### Mme. Simone in Repertoire

Presented at the Gaiety Theatre at a series of matinées under the direction of George Tyler.

**V**AST a cosmopolis as is New York there is in it a comparatively limited French contingent. The visiting Gallic star must, therefore, depend for support on those Gothamites familiar with that language or those who seek to improve their knowledge of the vernacular by attending performances in French. De Feraudy, from the Comédie Française, did well at the Fulton, and in a series of special matinées at the Gaiety, Mme. Simone, another French artiste of distinction, after a lengthy absence from these shores, has been the recipient of warm applause from a series of audiences notable for size and distinction.

Mme. Simone is an actress of the typical emotional Parisian school. From long experience, coupled with natural histrionic ability, she has perfected herself in the delineation of those particular passions that so peculiarly distinguish the theatres of Brieux, Bataille, Porto Riche and others. Love from its every angle is the text.

By the inexorable march of years the actress is forced to play rôles that are mainly the victims of unrequited or diverted passion, and it was with *La Vierge Idole*, by Bataille, that she opened her season. In this play Marcelle Armanry is one of those wives who fights to restrain her husband's mad infatuation for a younger woman. She knows he invites disillusionment and loss of professional preferment. Then she switches and is prepared to yield him to his paramour. But it is the latter who sees the ultimate conclusions and so kills herself. Perhaps Fanny is logical, perhaps she is not. But she has scenes that call for graphic denotement of fire and feeling, and Simone in these called forth well earned plaudits.

Eva Le Gallienne, as the younger woman, spoke impeccable French—practically her mother tongue—acted in the veritable key of the Parisian theatre and was altogether happy. José Ruben was equally felicitous as the philandering Armanry and Michelette Buroni finely human as the perturbed mother.

*La Couturière de Luneville*, by Savoir, presents the visiting star in a lighter vein. *Le Passé*, by Porto Riche, is a study in unrequited love.

### Rust

Drama in three acts by Robert Presnell. Produced by Devsilck, Inc., at the Gaiety Theatre on March 31st, with the following cast:

A Beggar, Sara Alexander; El Viejo, Ralf Belmont; Paula, Selena Royle; Miguel, Richard LaSalle; José, Clarke Silvernail; Martin, Leslie King; Carlos Ortega, William Bowman; Pio, John Maroni; Lola, Lisle Leigh; Matto, Jack McElroy; First Sailor, Bradford Hunt; Second Sailor, Carlin Crandall; Rosa, Abbe Carbeau; Juan, A. M. Bush; Maria, Jessie Moeller; Gypsy Dancer, Katherine Edson; Gypsy Guitarist, Solly Maldona; Gypsy Guitarist, Irving Cheyette.

**A**NOTHER futile attempt to bring to Broadway the atmosphere of Spain. Every now and again the producer, at a loss for a new

idea, decides that the click of castanets, the flash of a red heel, and a Spanish fandango will charm New York and give it a warm Castillian thrill. But it can't be done. Soft tropic nights, the heavy scent of tropic flowers, and the fervor of the Spaniard cannot be transported from their native habitat. One flat American "Buenos dias, Señor" and the jig is up!

*Rust*, itself, lives up to its name. It could stand a whole lot of polishing. It tells unconvincingly the story of lives spent in the An-cantes, a morass of junk, in the city of Barcelona. It is tiresome for long stretches, and then the dead stillness is suddenly pierced by the shrill screams of Selena Royle, whose rôle is principally confined to this vocal activity.

Clarke Silvernail, the featured actor, has successes to his credit on Broadway, but in this piece he looks and acts like a Greenwich Villager. He is the direct antithesis to a hot-blooded, passionate Spanish lover, the character he is supposed to delineate. Richard LaSalle and Ralf Belmont appear to advantage in two of the leading rôles.

Otherwise the cast is as weak as the play.

### Helena's Boys

Comedy in three acts by Ida Lublenski Ehrlich. Produced by Charles L. Wagner at Henry Miller's Theatre on April 7, with this cast:

Helena Tilden, Mrs. Fiske; Harold "Beansy," Gay Pendleton; Henry, Reggie Sheffield; Moresby Girard, Ralph Shirley; James Truesdell, William Courtleigh; Tot Raymond, Irene Purcell; Ann Kimball, Elaine Temple; Tibby McNair, Louie Emery; Mr. Parr, Carlton Rivers; Lucy, Eunice Osborne; Richard, John A. Willard.

**I**T is amazing what one magnetic, whimsical personality can do to bolster up a verveless comedy. Deprived of Mrs. Fiske's charming presence, this play, twin of *We Moderns*, would be tiresome and toneless. With Mrs. Fiske to infuse it with something of her own buoyancy it cannot sink entirely to the depths of oblivion.

This is another play depicting the workings of the adolescent mind. During a season of youthful fatuousness and exuberance on the stage, too much of this type of play palls. Like *We Moderns* and *The Goose Hangs High*, it shows the battle between young moderns and the older generation. As usual, the conservatives come off victorious.

Mrs. Fiske is the wise and sophisticated mother, who succeeds, by strategy, in brushing from the minds of her two young sons the cobwebs of dangerous radicalism spun there by free-thinking companions. A comedienne of rare insight, the actress gives just the proper touch of tolerant amusement to the character.

Reggie Sheffield, one of the boys, is capital as Henry. Ralph Shirley, in the rôle of his radical friend, rang less true.

Irene Purcell, recently in the cast of *The New Poor*, has another flapper rôle, showing marked improvement in her work. She is less self-conscious.

*Helena's Boys* is dramatized from a magazine story by Mary Brecht Pulver, and, like all material intended to be read, not seen, lacks the true elements of drama. Mrs. Fiske, however, succeeds in distracting attention from a dull play to her delightful self, altogether a satisfactory and compensatory arrangement.





**I**SHSTAR, mother-goddess of Babylon, the patroness of Love, descends into the lower world to revivify her lover. A mystic dance in the Temple of the Seven Gates. Lithe undulation. Gentle swaying. Arms flutter like the wings of birds. Fingers, drooping wilted lily petals. Animated again by a burst of music. A whirl. A graceful figure poised on toe-tips. Filmy veils cast aside. A fine dancing body set free.

So, in melodious movement, the dancer expresses the beauty and nobility of the mystic love-legend of ancient Babylon.

### ISHTAR OF THE SEVEN GATES

*Ruth St. Denis in Her Newest Evocation of an Antique Feminine Divinity*

(Sketched by R. L. Leonard)





The Fisher family does not conceal its dislike of Amy's husband (Louis Bartels), an awful show off and bore. (Left to right): Helen Lowell, Regina Wallace, Mr. Bartels, C. W. Goodrich, Guy D'Ennery, Lee Tracy, Juliette Crosby



Clara (Juliette Crosby) gives her vain-glorious brother-in-law a piece of her mind



Aubrey (Mr. Bartels) after a bad auto smash seeks consolation from his wife (Regina Wallace)



Mrs. Fisher (Helen Lowell) receives with considerable distrust her son-in-law's bland offer of help in investing the insurance money: (Centre panel) Louis Bartels as the show off

Photos by  
White, N. Y.

## THE NEW PLAY

*"The Show Off" an Amusing Comedy With a Universally Recognized Type For Its Protagonist*



## Two Strangers from Nowhere

Play in three acts by Myron C. Fagan. Produced at the Punch and Judy Theatre on April 7, with the following cast:

Dr. Allan Gordon, Richard Gordon; John Gordon, James Bradbury; Florence Gordon, Frances McGrath; Angelo Desdichado, Fritz Leiber; Bob Grant, Norval Keedwell; Helen Hessler, Gail Kane; Jerome Hessler, Theodore Babcock; Aunt Martha, Thais Lawton; Bryerly, Frank Allworth; Louise Huldane, Peggy Allenby.

THIS conglomeration of religious pother should have been presented in a church basement, not a theatre. It calls for the attendance of a congregation, not an audience. Nothing but sheer effrontery and disregard of the theatregoer's inclinations and comfort could have persuaded Myron C. Fagan, the author, to expect an audience to sit through several hours of such horrific torture. It is obvious that Mr. Fagan holds decided views on God, the Devil, the soul, immortality, psychic phenomena, and such like. But he can scarcely label his religious convictions "entertainment." If he feels such an imperative urge to broadcast his religious views he ought to write a volume of tracts. He could use the interminable harangues of his stage protagonist, the Devil, as chapters—each speech a chapter.

Amid thunder claps, and with his face made ghastly by a green "spot" Fritz Leiber, with apparent gusto and delight, delivered himself of the long religious credos of Myron C. Fagan. He held the center of the stage during practically all the performance, and talked tiresomely almost all that time. While the green light was playing on his face, a sickly blue light was hovering over the countenance of a crippled steppaunt in an invalid chair and on a ghostly stepmother in an oil painting. When the religious harangues ceased momentarily, the melodramatic claptrap commenced. Thunder, lightning, the Devil exhorting, ghosts appearing, a fiery red Hell exhibited. What Myron C. Fagan tried to present was the struggle of the Devil for man's immortal soul.

This play might accomplish one desirable thing, and that is: the reformation of all members of the audience who would rather be good than be confined to the nethermost regions with such a loquacious Devil as came from nowhere and got nowhere at the Punch and Judy.

## Nancy Ann

The Harvard prize play, a comedy in three acts by Dorothy Kuhns Heyward, presented by Richard Herndon at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre on March 3, with the following cast:

Binner, Harry Blakemore; Miss Dexter, Pauline Armistage; Nancy, Francine Larrimore; Aunt Angeline, Edith Shayne; Aunt Kate, Marie R. Burke; Aunt Emily, Louise Randolph; Aunt Nancy, Ada C. Neville; Mr. Llewellyn, Charles Angelo; Uncle Steadman, George Le Soir; Mr. Brandon, Ralph Carter; Lulu Treman, May Hopkins; Billie Claridge, Clare Weldon; Minnie, Mary Rose McGlynn; Dwight Rodney, Charles Angelo; Beth Worthington, Mary Tarry; Mr. Capper, Frank Knight; James Lane Harvey, Tom Nesbitt; Dan Dennis, Wallace Ford; Waiter, Walter T. Jones; Jerry O'Connell, William W. Crimans.

IF this is the best play the current Professor Baker class can turn out, there seems small use for courses on "How to Write a Perfect Play." Miss Heyward's effort is far from

that. To be frank, it is a remarkably amateurish and uninteresting play. Only the compelling personality of Francine Larrimore in the title-rôle saves it from being monumentally dull.

The story concerns itself with the efforts of a repressed young woman guarded by maiden aunts to go upon the stage and be a dramatic star. It leads us into curious drawing-rooms and even more curious managerial offices. And in the end, when Nancy Ann finally achieves her ambition, the curtain falls as she rehearses a big love scene, suggesting none too subtly that the leading man will be her next personal conquest. The play moves slowly. Some of its scenes are so tediously prolonged they become almost embarrassing to the innocent onlooker.

Miss Larrimore is there conspicuously—with the Larrimore voice, the Larrimore hair, and the valuable sense of comedy. Her support is good. One actress particularly, Clare Weldon, handles a fragmentary part sensationally.

As a contribution to American letters, the consolation prize must have been the one Cambridge awarded to *Nancy Ann*.

## Provincetown Playbill

*George Dandin*, comedy by Molière presented at the Provincetown Playhouse with this cast:

George Dandin, Charles Ellis; Angélique, Rosalind Fuller; M. de Sotenville, Henry O'Neill; Madame de Sotenville, Kirah Markham; Clitandre, Gerald Stopp; Claudine, Rita Matthias; Lubin, Rupert Caplan; Colin, John Brewster.

*The Ancient Mariner*, dramatic arrangement of Coleridge's poem by Eugene O'Neill, presented with this cast:

The Ancient Mariner, E. J. Ballantine; First Wedding Guest, James Shute; Second Wedding Guest, H. L. Rothschild; Third Wedding Guest, Charles Ellis; Helmsman, James Meighan; Bride, Rosalind Fuller; Bridegroom, Gerald Stopp; Life-in-Death, Rita Matthias.

**M**OLIERE and Coleridge! Eugene O'Neill and Robert Edmond Jones! Young George Dandin and the Ancient Mariner!

A dramatic menu of decidedly mixed fare. Like serving a cream puff with a dish of cucumbers. Somehow the combination is indigestible. Even served alone, *George Dandin* and *The Ancient Mariner* would scarcely prove palatable. Certainly, epicures of the theatre will not find these dishes worth smacking their lips over.

This, the third bill of The Provincetown Playhouse, does not come up to the standard already set by this organization. It is particularly disappointing, following that delightful revival of *Fashion*. But, the Provincetown Playhouse being an experimental theatre, this double bill can be philosophically looked upon as an experiment, with the value resting in what was learned by the test.

O'Neill's dramatic arrangement of the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* is ponderous and dull, notwithstanding the fact that some very artistic background effects are achieved. There is much beauty of motion in the rhythmic movements of the shadowy chorus—dim figures of fantasy, pale sailors of the ghostly bark. But the monologue, though intoned with much precision and understanding by E. J. Ballantine, is wearisome and far from entertaining. The

haunting beauty of Coleridge's mighty poem is destroyed by dramatization.

## Sitting Pretty

A musical comedy by Guy Bolton, P. G. Wodehouse and Jerome Kern, presented by F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest at the Fulton Theatre on April 8, with the following principals:

Marjorie Eggleston, Albert Wyart, Harry Lilford, Rudolph Cameron, Eugene Revere, Myra Hampton, Gertrude Bryan, Queenie Smith, Edward Finley, Jayne Chesney, George Sylvester, Marian Dickson, George E. Mack, Dwight Frye, Frank McIntyre, George Spelvin, George O'Donnell, Terry Blaine.

**A**RE-ECHO of the Princess Theatre operettas, this first play for Queenie Smith looms out of the fog of mediocre musical entertainments with charm, humor, life, melody and grace; living up to the expectations aroused by the reunion of Messrs. Bolton, Wodehouse and Kern. Miss Smith's methods strongly suggest Ada Mae Weeks. It is chiefly as a dancer that she embellishes this monument to her sensational début in last season's *Helen of Troy*, N. Y. Her voice is pleasant. Her personality is compelling, though slightly fresh and overassured. And she is supported by a bright and gifted company.

There are comedy in the book; charm and humor in the lyrics, and Mr. Kern's usual interesting and amusing melodies. A good show.

## Cheaper to Marry

Drama in three acts by Samuel Shipman. Produced by Richard Herndon at the 49th Street Theatre on April 17, with this cast:

Florence Lowery, Ruth Donnelly; Filomena, Olga Lee; Evelyn Gardner, Florence Eldridge; Melville Masters, Horace Braham; Jim Knight, Robert Warwick; Charles Tyler, Allan Dinehart; Beulah Parker, Claire Foster; Everett Riddle, Berton Churchill.

**A**S a purveyor of refined and polite drama Mr. Samuel Shipman is in a school all by himself. He practically has no competitor. People say "it's a Sammy Shipman sort of play" and let it go at that. Everyone understands perfectly what is meant.

His latest piece, *Cheaper to Marry*, has a farcical title but it will not, I fear, add much to this philosophical wag's reputation as a humorist. It may, it is true, make a certain appeal to the special *clientèle* this popular author has long labored to please. It is racy, full of the usual Shipman tricks, which never fail to get laughs from the groundlings, and there is plenty of spice for those who like their drama peppered. Otherwise, it is a trite, conventional offering, crude and dull, wearisome beyond belief.

A Damon and Pythias pair of business partners, who do everything but kiss each other every few seconds, fall in love with two girls. Damon marries his charmer, but Pythias takes the other for his mistress. He lavishes her with \$25,000 pearl necklaces and \$1,800 squirrel coats, goes broke, puts the firm out of business, and finally, when he has decided that it is cheaper to marry, his mistress leaves him. That's a mere outline of the honorable plot. More is hardly necessary.

Frankly, it's a poor play, badly acted.

(Concluded on page 68)



# Saint Joan Descends from the Shrine

*A Frank and Intimate Interview with Winifred Lenihan Who Interprets Shaw's New Heroine*

By ADA PATTERSON

SHE swoops upon the consciousness. She looks at her visitor with an undeviating glance. When she has finished looking, she knows all that is to be known—her name, address, her telephone number, her wardrobe, the name of her modiste and *couturière*.

She swooped through the doorway of her apartment, two flights up, near Sutton Place. She stopped just inside the door, and looked through me. When she had located the back buckle of my girdle, she did the duty of a hostess. She swooped from one room to another, lit in the square armchair, lifted the silver urn and asked me "Which?" All the while I was keenly conscious of that look. I was glad that I had no first degree secret. A symbol for the latest interpreter of Saint Joan forced itself upon me. It was inescapable. A little hawk.

Regain your breath. It is no slur upon the latest exponent of the flower and the flame of France. Have you ever seen a young hawk? A small, soft, feathered creature with great soft eyes. A cuddlesome thing with a disconcerting gaze? See Winifred Lenihan, off stage, and undramatic, and you will note the resemblance. Her height is five feet two inches, and her weight one hundred four pounds. An inconsiderable height and weight, yet a tremendous power shines from her steady eyes.

Indomitable! That is it. She rose at the mass meeting of the Actors' Equity Association, and explained why she voted against the Actors' strike. "My father was a labor organizer. I have never seen such a movement end well. I will stay with you. I will never forsake my principles. But I am opposed to the strike."

Keen eyes. I saw they were, as they looked through me. Intellectual eyes of dark gray, with occasional blue lights. The small figure was clothed in a tan dress. The color of a young hawk's feathers.

"No, I am not happy," she answered with a Jack Dempsey punch in her speech.

"Not after taking possession of the Empire Theatre of high tradition with your Saint Joan? And, of being presented with a statuette of Saint Joan by a representative of France on the opening night?"

## UNHAPPY IN HER TRIUMPH

THE firm lips parted in a half smile. "That presentation had lost its novelty. I had been presented with the statuette so often. One raw day when I went up to Riverside Drive, and posed beside the statue, while the Hudson did its best to bestow upon me fatal pneumonia. No, I am tired of all that.

"But I am not a pessimist. I acknowledge that a mood of elation came when I went into the star's dressing-room. I knew that Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore had occupied it. The rooms

seemed full of ghosts. And so did the auditorium. The ghosts of the performances of thirty-three years!

"Do you want to know how I really felt on the night that *Saint Joan* moved to the Empire? I was conscious all through my performance of a serious handicap. I had rehearsed it while I was playing in *Failures*. The rôle that I played in *Failures* was a very exacting one. There wasn't much energy left to give to the rehearsals of the Shaw play. I felt that I wasn't doing what I wanted to do with the part. But it could not be undone. A part settles into a mold, and you cannot break the mold. So that is the reason. I was unhappy on the night that was called a triumph. I was so unhappy that when a friend who is playing in another theatre, and a boy in the company and I, went to supper after the theatre at Childs' my tears dropped into the dishes I ordered."

## HER FIRST ENGAGEMENT

SHE did not tell the story with the drooping muscles of the pessimist. The corners of the firm lips were turned upward by the fingers of mirth. Self-pity is not a characteristic of Winifred Lenihan.

"Things don't always go well for me, but they turn out well in the end," she said. "For instance, after I had seen Maude Adams in *Peter Pan*, and determined to be an actress, and had paid my way through the Sargent School by working as a stenographer, I seemed to have lost my first chance for a part on the stage. My little brother was dangerously ill. I had to get him into a hospital. I visited one hospital after another. There were many delays. I arrived at Winthrop Ames' office twenty minutes late. 'Do you know you are late?' he asked. 'Yes,' I answered. I didn't tell about my little brother and the hospital. The business manager would not have been interested in that. He said, 'There's no chance now.' I left the office. I had gone two blocks when the manager, breathless from running, overtook me. He said, 'Can you read, Juliet?' I answered, 'Oh, yes.' He said, 'Come tomorrow at ten, and read it for Mr. Ames.' I read the part, and Mr. Ames engaged me to play a part in *The Betrothal*. That contract was the first high spot in my life. Twenty dollars a week, and Mr. Ames said I needed voice lessons, and that he would pay for them."

High spots were missing from the earlier life of the oldest daughter of a labor organizer. An able man, Peter Lenihan was, with oratorical gifts that always swung a crowd his way. But he died when the eldest of his brood was fifteen. An anticlimax to his career was the fact that scarce had his body chilled in the grave, when his bitterest opponent led his own faction to success. That his daughter has never forgotten.

Hard times. Intermittent attendance at the Bryant School in Long Island City. Then the sight of Maude Adams in *Peter Pan*. And a prophecy from Mr. Sargent. "You can be an excellent actress." Then the engagement with Mr. Ames for *The Betrothal*, *The Dover Road*, *Failures*, and now *Saint Joan*.

At twenty-five, playing Saint Joan at the theatre, that long stood for the best things of the stage, the little woman with the piercing eyes is not sure whether she will remain a votary of Thespis. "I want to be awful good in something," she said with an upturn of the lips, "I don't know whether it will be on the stage."

There was another "high spot." She told me it was when she fell in love. But that, too, was a low spot, for it brought her no happiness. Did I ask her more? No. Would you? Not in the coziness and intimacy of the apartment to which I had been admitted.

Another one had been when Neysa McMein, the princess of illustrators and magazine cover makers, had named Miss Lenihan as one of the most beautiful women in America. Miss McMein had said to me, "Winifred is a design. The woman who is a design has faultless lines. She is independent of color. If she were turned into stone she would still be beautiful." I reminded her as we drove to the theatre of that "high spot."

She laughed. "I had never suspected that I was pretty," she said. "I think Miss McMein is mistaken for once."

She had been in one respect fortunate. The traffic policeman with hand upraised had halted us. "Mr. Ames has not forgotten me. He sees all my performances. He scolds me for any mistake. He has liked some of my performances. I don't think he likes my Saint Joan. He hasn't said anything about it. I don't like it myself. Shaw is irritating. Just as one begins to soar in a part he pulls a string, and brings her down with a bump."

"I think by one word he has illuminated the Joan's character as no one else had. That was the word, 'Imagination.'" The small head nodded vigorously in agreement.

## CRITICS IGNORANT ABOUT ACTING

"THE critics praised you." The head registered negation. "The critics don't know much about acting," she laughed.

She is the head of a family of five. She built at Elmhurst Manor a home for that family, from the revenue that *Dover Road* yielded her.

"It was a tiresome trip home after the theatre every night," she said. "One must not go weary to any performance. I convinced my mother that it is better for me to establish a bachelor apartment in New

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WINIFRED LENIHAN

*A Portrait by Rabinovitch Taken Exclusively for "Theatre Magazine"*



# Ernst Toller, Dramatist of the Proletariat

*His Play a Cry of Passion and Bitterness Against Modern Civilization*

By BARRETT H. CLARK

**E**RNST TOLLER, author of the Theatre Guild's latest production *Masse-Mensch*, now serving a five-year sentence in a military stronghold for high treason, is the most spectacular personality in modern German literature. His eventful life cannot be ignored in any consideration of his work; it is too closely interwoven in the fabric of young Germany, and the revolutionary movements of the day.

Here are the facts, condensed from a little autobiography that recently appeared in a critical study of Toller's plays: "Born December 1, 1893, in the Bromberg district. My father died when I was sixteen. I had regular schooling in my native town up to the age of twelve, then I went to a Prussian Gymnasium in Bromberg, where I spent seven years being mis-educated, and trained in the ways of militarism. After graduation, I attended the University of Grenoble. Wandered through southern France and northern Italy. Toward the end of July, 1914, I escaped from France, and returned to Germany, volunteering in defence of the 'Fatherland.' Thirteen months' active service, during which I became a murderer, a man whose hands will never again be clean. Discharged as a war sufferer, I continued my studies at Munich. I gradually began to find myself, and became a rebel. Organized revolutionary elements among the young men and women. Winter of 1917, I studied at Heidelberg, and furthered the work of organization. Sympathetic groups meanwhile formed at other universities. The military began to take notice, and the groups were broken up. Studied history and causes of the war, and gave publicity to the fact that 'the German Government was not guiltless in bringing on the war.'"

## WROTE PLAY IN PRISON

**I**N 1918 Toller went to Munich and joined the munitions workers' strike.

He writes: "Urged peace without annexations, and the freedom of all peoples, 'including the German.' Took the stump after the arrest of Kurt Eisner. Myself arrested and spent several months in military prison. My play, *Die Wandlung*, completed in jail. After my release, returned to Munich and joined the 'November Revolution,' taking part in the new Government. After its fall, I was brought to trial for high treason, and in July, 1919, sentenced to five years in the fortress of Niederschönenfeld."

In *Masse-Mensch*, Toller has achieved absolute mastery over his materials. In the preface he writes:

"What can be 'real' in my drama? . . . Only the spiritual . . . breath. There can be no question of 'real' human beings in this poem of the masses. Its very theme precludes any conception of the individual.

The individual is simply the victim of forces against which he vainly struggles. It is indeed questionable," says the author, whether personally we exist at all.

"I see," he writes, "convicts in the prison-yard sawing wood to a monotonous rhythm. I am moved. That one may be a workingman, that one a peasant, and that one a notary's assistant. . . . I see the place where the workingman labors,



ERNST TOLLER

author of *Masse-Mensch*. From a photograph taken in prison by special permission of the German military authorities

I perceive his personal idiosyncrasies . . . how he throws away a match, embraces his wife. . . . And I see as clearly the broad-backed peasant, and the narrow-chested notary's assistant. Then . . . gradually, they . . . cease to be individual men—X, or Y, or Z—are no more than marionettes, driven by the power of destiny. . . . Not for a moment have I seen 'real men.'"

"*Masse-Mensch*," he continues, "is a visionary spectacle, which 'burst' from me in its general form in two and a half days. The two nights I was forced to spend in the 'bed' of a dark cell as punishment were black abysses of pain; I was tortured by faces, demoniacal faces. . . . In the morning, I sat at the table, driven by an inner fever, and wrote uninterruptedly until my fingers were numb, and the task was complete. I allowed no one to enter my cell, I did no washing, and angrily avoided my comrades. . . ."

The play was presented a year later.

*Masse-Mensch* is a genuine dramatic poem. That it is poetic in no wise prevents

its being dramatic as well, for its poetry is not so much a matter of words and speeches, as of rhythm and what the Germans so aptly call *Aufschwung*—winged inspiration. Toller fears it may be too personal, and he has labored hard to prevent its being too obviously a mere cry out of the depths. But the play is essentially a spectacle, a rhythmical expression of a great spiritual struggle, the struggle between the human heart on the one hand, and the desire of the mass for change—the mass will, the mass need, the mass ideal—on the other.

In spite of Toller's essential belief in the masses, the working people, his play is not a propaganda piece, unless it be a terrible indictment against God Himself. "Mass is Necessity. Mass is guiltless! Man is guiltless! God is guilty!" Here is no solution, only an inexplicable mystery. As in *Die Maschinenstürmer*, the poet shows no way out of the labyrinth; he can therefore have no purpose other than that of expressing what he feels. Workingmen may destroy the tools they work with, the masses may rise and overthrow governments, but to what end? I don't know, Toller seems to say, but it is enough that man has struggled.

## HIS METHOD OF WORKING

**T**WO brief examples from *Masse-Mensch* serve to show the dramatist's method of working. The first of the alternating "Dream-pictures" is laid in the Stock Exchange. A grotesque nightmare, written in short free verse lines; compressed, naked in style. Bankers and clerks run hither and thither, bidding and selling. Great schemes are floated, men and women are bartered for body and soul; the inspiration of the hour is the establishment of a federal house of prostitution. The short scene closes with "Music of gold-pieces. The Bankers, with silk hats, dance a fox-trot."

The next scene introduces a mass chorus, the chant of the proletariat. The style is again denuded, harsh, and yet full of a rhythm vigorous, compact, and at the same time almost lyrical. A literal translation would give only what is of least importance. I quote the original:

"Wir ewig eingekeilt  
In Schluchten steiler Häuser.  
Wir preisgegeben  
Der Mechanik höhnischer Systeme.  
Wir antlitzlos in Nacht der Tränen.  
Wir ewig losgelöst von Müttern,  
Aus Tiefen der Fabriken rufen wir:  
Wann werden Liebe wir leben?  
Wann werden Werk wir wirken?  
Wann wird Erlösung uns?"

Toller is too intelligent to believe that physical revolution can solve any problem: the revolution he envisages is far more dangerous to the established order than

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Abbé, Paris

### LYDIA CHALIAPINE

Heiress to the Chaliapin artistry, this imperiously beautiful young daughter of the great baritone has made her début as a dramatic actress in the French capital with the Russian *Théâtre du Coq d'Or*



# How I Produced A "Miracle"

*Fabulous Expenditure of Money, Energy and Brains so New Yorkers May Appreciate the Higher Art*

By STANLEY RAUH

WHEN a producer entertains the production of a play, he is prepared to gamble a basic sum on that play—the nature of the production determining the amount—but rarely is such above a fixed limit of speculative currency.

It was "on you," my dear public, that I undertook to gamble a far greater sum than had ever before been promulgated in this country. If you have seen my production, I am confident that you will appreciate that what I am going to tell you is absolutely authentic. If you have seen my spectacle you will believe me when I say that I was prepared to lose some 728,300 kopecs, if not at least. And my dear public, let me say here, that this does not include either war tax on Pullman fare, or meals sent to room.

Go to the Theatre and see my *Miracle*. Try to visualize the thousands of intricate details which commanded my attention—the problems that confronted us—the obstacles that hindered us. Try to conceive what I conceived, and how we finally triumphed despite the fact, of course, that we shall lose some hundreds of thousands. I say triumph, because I say, as all great artisans say, let us not be mercenary. It is a triumph of art, and after all, is art deserving?—even at a loss of these hundreds of thousands about which I will tell you.

First, there was the remodeling of the theatre, a monstrous task. We knew that we could not go into a theatre that would not in every detail fit our production. Months and months before we opened, our seven hundred and twenty-two architects got together and made blue prints. And, what blue prints! We had blue prints made of the Coliseum in Rome, of the *Leviathan* passing under Brooklyn Bridge, as well as several coal mines in the Ruhr District. In fact, we were blue from blue prints. It was about eight fortnights before we could actually begin construction.

Let me show you how some intricacy would cause conflict among our contractors. I remember in remodeling the Coat Room, one of our architects had suggested an Ionic base instead of Prolific. It

was days before this argument was settled, and we had to go on paying the motorman just the same whether he used the billiard room or not. Once in a while a little detail of a blue print had to be omitted. For instance, one of our architects, Mr. D——, had specified that the exit signs be printed in Hebrew. Was this essential?

The writing room and ballroom were, to say the least, to be meritorious in their equipment and elaborate in their furnishings. A note on the program would inform the audience that writing paper could be had at the desk, and we were to be particularly careful to hang signs above the writing desks to the effect that these were for the use of guests of this theatre only.

And then, of course, there was the barber shop with all modern equipment, and a Chiropractor in attendance. The pictures of the members of the cast, incidentally, were to be inlaid in tile on the floor. Some of our architects went beyond the limit in striving after original effects; for instance, Mr. E—in his blue print, had servidors to be attached to the back of every seat where the man might leave his suit to be pressed, and could secure same before the final curtain. Naturally, we could not consider all these renovations.

We gave the blue print containing the cabaret "for use between acts" to the Fifty-second Street Theatre, and I understand it has been very successful up there, although the last installment on this blue print FPW No. 18, Department C, has not yet been paid. We would have liked to have considered all these innovations, but you can easily understand that those only of major importance were accepted by our labeling Department.

I know you will think this tremendous expenditure of energy and money preposterous. You will think I am spoofing when I tell you we will lose thousands. We do not mind losing the thousands but, on the other hand, we don't want it said that the American people are illiterate and inappreciative of higher art. We do not want it said that America would not support a production that triumphed so fastidiously in Buffalo, Walla-Walla and Birmingham.

And, by the way, we are having an auction on furniture—for instance, some beautiful chairs—bought but never used. The auction is quite a while off, but you can see by the sign at the box-office that we shall be cleaned out. It reads "Seats selling six weeks in advance."

## A "Miracle"—Statistically

Two of the largest carpenter shops in New York City with a storage space of 25,000 square feet were required to build the production.

832 sign painters, 428 plumbers, 11 letter carriers, and 41 subway guards were engaged in making the scenery.

To haul this scenery alone into the theatre required a fleet of 36 battle ships and 13 kiddy kars.

If the electric bulbs used weekly were placed end to end and wrapped around the world, they would compare favorably to the *Leviathan* stood on end.

9,724 seeds were planted in order to procure the perfected roses which appeared in the vase on left stage.

The orange trees used in Act II, were not borrowed from the Orange Grove Number of the *Music Box* as you may be led to believe. They were actually imported from Cain's Storehouse for the set at the enormous expense of 869,728 Chinese yen.

The tapestry on the rear wall is real. If it isn't, we got cheated out of \$3.98.

If compared to Brooklyn Bridge and the Woolworth Building, the jewels worn by Mrs. Cohen would make Tiffany's collection of solitaires look like a Rolls Royce in a livery stable.

The Christmas Tree necessitated the installation of 12 portable switchboards, 68 star lamps, and an electrician who sits in the gallery and directs the lighting by radio. This, however, does not include 13 switches (1 worn by Mrs. Cohen).

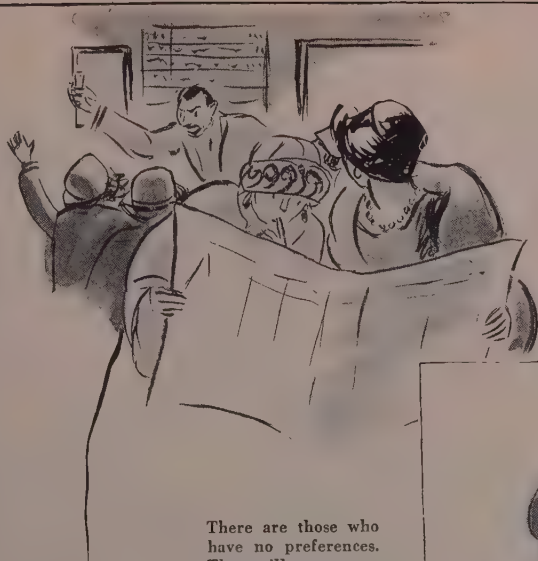
There are 3,018 different properties, not including baby rattles used by Papa Levy and Papa Murphy.

The average weekly payroll for labor, materials, beer and light wines, would keep the people of Germany in pretzels for five years.

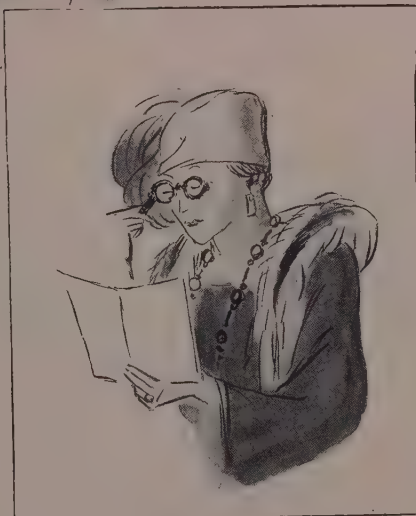
Our Board finally decided it was not, claiming that the red lights were sufficient to properly signify a *sortie* from danger in case of emergency. Speaking of exits, we found that the house could not be emptied in three minutes from any seat, as was specified on our programs, and hence it was necessary to build another exit right in the middle (the programs having already been printed).

Then we had to also consider our audience. We wanted to make it their theatre. Our plans called for a swimming pool in the basement for use between the acts. An elegant library was to be installed on the mezzanine floor as well as a gymnasium. The latter was to be in charge of a capable





There are those who have no preferences. They will go to anything for which they can buy cut-rate tickets at Gray's



There are always the young married, meeting after a morning's shopping, who go to any theatre in which they can sit down and tell each other how "dead" they are



Then there are the intellectuals, who wear art beads and subscribe to the Theatre Guild



The flappers, thrill-proof, remarking, "Don'tcha hate matinees?" "Yeah, ain't they dumb!"



This is a little matinee club from the suburbs. It goes to only the best plays for which it buys tickets six weeks in advance

## MATINEE GIRLS OF 1924

*Helen Hokinson Records the Passing of the Chocolate Box and Mash Letter*



# The Play That Is Talked About



The novelist invites a woman of the streets to join his wife's party of degenerate friends

## Spring Cleaning

A Comedy in Three Acts by Frederick Lonsdale

CYRIL MAUDE'S recent success, "*Aren't We All?*", introduced to New York the sophisticated comedies of this London dramatist, who immediately became so popular he was hailed as "the new Clyde Fitch." Practically every manager contracted with him for a new play. "*Spring Cleaning*," his current success, deals frankly and wittily with a phase of decadent cosmopolitan society. The following condensation by Mary James is printed through the courtesy of the author and the producers, the Selwyns

### THE CAST

(As produced at the Eltinge Theatre)

Walters  
Margaret Sones  
Ernest Steele  
Fay Collen  
Lady Jane Walton  
Archie Wells  
Bobby Williams  
Billy Sommers  
Connie Gillies  
Richard Sones  
Mona

Lewis Broughton  
Violet Heming  
A. E. Mathews  
Blythe Daly  
Pauline Whitson  
Gordon Ash  
Robert Noble  
C. Haviland Chappelle  
Elsa Lawson  
Arthur Byron  
Estelle Winwood

ACT I. Living Room at Richard Sones'. Time—The Present. The Action of the play takes place in London. Ernest Steele is bending over Margaret Sones. It is evident that he is just about to kiss her, when Walters enters and announces that, "The Master has telephoned Madame," and that, "he will be home at seven punctually." After the butler has gone, Margaret is much agitated, as she is afraid that he may have "seen," but Ernest reassures her, or *tries* to, by saying that Walters will knock next time.

ERNEST: Sometimes I find myself resenting those ten wonderful years of your life that have belonged to someone else— I just can't describe, I only know— (*He seizes her in his arms, and is about to kiss her when a knock on the door is heard. They separate quickly.*)

MARGARET: Come in!

WALTERS: This note has just come, Madame.

MARGARET: Thank you, Walters! (*She tries to open it in an unconcerned manner and turns to Ernest.*) Irene is in bed with a cold and can't dine tonight.

ERNEST: Oh, I'm sorry!

MARGARET: There is no reply, Walters. (*Walters bows and exits.*) (*She rises, speaking angrily*): How dare he knock!

ERNEST: It's rather fortunate that he did. Besides, I told you he would.

MARGARET: He never has before. Oh, this is perfectly terrible; it frightens me to death. (*He laughs at her.*) It's horrid of you to laugh at me.

ERNEST: I must. It's your own fault.

MARGARET: What do you mean?

ERNEST: I begged you to come and dine with me at my apartment where we could be undisturbed for hours, but you won't— Why won't you?— You don't like me.

MARGARET: It isn't that! Oh, I can't explain! I suppose I'm foolish, old fashioned, anything you like; but—why do you smile?

ERNEST: Because I love you for being old fashioned. Or for being as you describe it—anything you like.

MARGARET: You mean you understand how I feel about this sort of thing.

ERNEST: Of course I do! Because I know that when you want to enough you'll come. I shall be perfectly happy to wait until you do.

MARGARET: You're awfully nice, Ernest.

ERNEST: I wish I could tell you how grateful I am that you think so. (*Fay Collen enters.*)

FAY: Margaret darling! (*She kisses her.*)

MARGARET: How are you, Fay, dear?

FAY: So tired! How nice you look. (*To Ernest.*) Hello, you! Whacked to the world, darling. Ten to five this morning when I got home; up at half past nine. At it all day. Heavens, what a life! Margaret, darling, a cocktail with a little absinthe in it.

MARGARET: Ring the bell, will you Ernest?

FAY: I say, Margaret, why didn't you come to Billy Sommers' lunch?

MARGARET: I told him last night I had another engagement.

FAY: It was too amusing. Willie turned Jacques out of his own bar; mixed the cocktails himself. What he put in them the Lord only knows. All I know is they affected poor Jane so much we all became hysterical watching her going up the stairs. (*Walters enters.*)

MARGARET: Cocktails, please.

FAY: . . . You'd have loved it. Johnny Dale told the most terrible stories you ever heard; Willy had a row about the bill; swore that he would never put his foot in the place again, and immediately ordered a table for lunch tomorrow. Oh, he gave me a message for you . . . it's gone!

MARGARET: Don't worry; he's dining here.

FAY: Of course! I'd forgotten that. You will come on with us to the Ambassador after dinner?

MARGARET: I promise to. (*Walters enters; pours cocktails.*)

FAY: Thank you, Walters, dear; you've saved





LAURETTE TAYLOR

Peg o' My Heart, making films in Hollywood, enjoys this recreation between scenes of her latest feature, *Happiness*



© U. and U.

"RUST" MOVES TO THE GAIETY

Cuba's queen of beauty, Madame Marthe Bacardi, wife of the rum king, officiates at old Spanish luck-ceremony, in honor of the Broadway opening of a Spanish play



NOEL COWARD

author of *The Charlot Revue*, who is now visiting in America

Arum



EDNA THOMAS

The famous recitalist of Creole and early Southern folk-songs, affectionately known as the "lady from Louisiana," has concluded a successful season in London and will soon embellish the metropolitan concert stage



ERNST VAJDA

author of *Fata Morgana* and *Grounds for Divorce*, the latest Hungarian dramatist to become a Broadway vogue



Star-News

CONSTANCE BINNEY AND MRS. THOMAS WIFFEN with doll reproductions of themselves, the star of *Sweet Little Devil* and the veteran actress who plays in *The Goose Hangs High* make personal appearance at a benefit

THE PASSING SHOW

*Informal Introductions to Some Conspicuous Theatrical Figures*



my life. . . . Good health, boys! What a difference a drop of absinthe does make! (*Walters enters and announces Lady Jane Walton.*)

JANE: Darling!

MARGARET: How are you, dear?

JANE: Not too terribly well. I think I must have eaten something that disagreed with me.

FAY: Rot! Drunk something.

JANE: Don't be ridiculous!

FAY: I thought you were going home to bed, Jane?

JANE: I met Archie, so I made him buy me a new hat instead.

FAY: What a lot of money Archie! saves your husband!

JANE: Don't be common, Fay.

FAY: Can't help being common, darling; my uncle's a Duke.

MARGARET: Why didn't Archie come in with you?

JANE: He's coming. I left him downstairs paying the taxi. Poor darling hasn't backed a winner all day.

ERNEST: Anyway, he has twenty thousand a year to back losers with.

FAY: I wish I could meet someone with a bit of money who would be willing to die for me. The only ones I ever meet have no money and want to marry me. . . . (*Archie Wells enters.*)

MARGARET: Hello, Archie!—

ARCHIE: How do you do?

ERNEST: What's the matter with you, Archie?

ARCHIE: Rather depressed, Ernest, old fellow. Been walking about all day bored to tears; nothing to do; no one to talk to—awful! . . .

Bobby Williams enters, followed shortly afterwards by Billy Somers and Connie Gillies.  
CONNIE: Hello!

WILLIE: Hello, everybody!

CONNIE: Hope you don't mind, but Willie, poor darling, is fainting for a cocktail. How are you, Margaret?

MARGARET: I'm all right. Do help yourself, Willie! Aren't you going to have one, Bobby?

BOBBY: No thank you, darling; it spoils my skin.  
WILLIE (*to himself*): Good God! (*They all laugh.*)

JANE: Don't take any notice of them, Bobby, dear; we like you.

BOBBY: I never mind what anybody says; I never have.

ERNEST (*to Connie*): Saw your husband in the club this morning; tells me he's going to Aix for a month.

CONNIE: He's going to Aix, is he? I knew he was going somewhere! I do hope he won't be in Paris on Sunday; most trying if he is—he'd want me to go out with him, and I loathe refusing anybody, even a husband. You'll come, by the way, Margaret?

MARGARET: I'm not sure yet.

JANE: You must, darling!

CONNIE: Of course!

JANE: It'll be great fun. Archie and me, Connie and Willy, and you and Ernest.

Gradually they drift away to dress for dinner, leaving Margaret and Ernest to continue their tête-à-tête; he goes just before Richard enters. Richard tells Margaret he has no use for her friends, and that after tonight's dinner party he forbids her to have them in the house; he tells her that she "is changed beyond recognition." When Margaret leaves the room to dress for dinner they are at daggers drawn. Richard sits down and appears to be in deep thought. Walters enters.

WALTERS: Getting late, sir. Aren't you going to dress?

RICHARD: What? No!

WALTERS: Very good, sir.

RICHARD: Walters! How many years have you been with me?

WALTERS: I was with you five years before you were married, sir.

RICHARD: That makes fifteen in all. Surely for two people to remain together for fifteen years there must be something more existing between them than mere master and servant.

WALTERS: Yes, sir.

RICHARD: In fact it would almost entitle one to ask you an intimate question, Walters.

WALTERS: It should, sir.

RICHARD: Tell me, have you ever taken a great risk in life?



RICHARD: I want to tell you that I had an excuse for what I did tonight

WALTERS: If I had, sir, I shouldn't be your butler.

RICHARD (*smiles*): That's terribly true. Tell me this: If you saw someone you liked more than anything in the world being a little foolish, folly that must cause them great unhappiness, would you stop at anything to save them?

WALTERS: At nothing, sir. I should do anything in the world I could to save them.

RICHARD: Well, that's what I think, Walters. So I'm going to take the risk you never have. Give me my hat.

WALTERS: Are you going out again, sir?

RICHARD: Yes—but I shan't be long. How many have you laid dinner for?

WALTERS: Nine, sir.

RICHARD: Then lay for ten. (*Exits.*)

ACT II. Dining Room. Margaret receives her guests, and they have all assembled and are seated at the dinner table waiting for Richard when a door is heard to bang.

JANE: Your husband has arrived, Margaret.

CONNIE: Behave yourself, Bobby!

BOBBY: I've gone quite cold. I feel like a man being chased by spiders.

CONNIE: Margaret, dear, don't forget you're

coming on with us to the Ambassador. (*Richard enters.*)

RICHARD (*smiles at them all*): Evening! So sorry I'm so late! So sorry, Margaret, darling!

ALL: How do you do? Good evening! How are you, etc.

RICHARD: To tell you the truth, as you are all friends as it were, I decided to have a friend, too, but I had the greatest difficulty in finding her.

MARGARET: Finding her! Who is she?

RICHARD: You'll like her awfully.

MARGARET: Is it anyone we know?

RICHARD: I don't think so. Funny little thing; I left her downstairs doing what she called a little titivating to meet the pretty ladies.

MARGARET: Well, Richard, what is her name?

RICHARD: Her name?— That's annoying; she did tell me, but I have forgotten. Lily something—I say this is bad; I should hate to hurt her feelings by having to ask her her name again. Here she is! (*Mona enters.*) Do come in! Forgive me, but I didn't quite catch your name.

MONA: Mona—

RICHARD (*closes doors*): I thought it was Lily something.

MONA: It was, but I always change my name to suit my company.

RICHARD: Quite right, and before I introduce you let me explain; the only reason that I can think of that dinner parties are given in our class of life is that it gives husbands and wives an excuse not to have to sit next to each other!

MONA (*roars with laughter*): He's a comic, isn't he?

RICHARD: That being the case, let me introduce you. This is Lady Jane—the obvious thing now is to introduce you to her husband, but, alas, he is not here, and has no idea where she is! But don't be alarmed that she is not cared for; she's not by numbers as you are, but by one; let me introduce you to Mr. Archie—

ARCHIE (*rises*): I consider you, sir, a damned cad!

RICHARD (*to Mona*): You only have to look at him to see that he hasn't the slightest sense of humor. (*They all rise.*) Pray be seated! I have taken the precaution to have the door locked on the outside, and until I give a particular ring it will not be opened. . . .

JANE: If you possess the slightest shred of decency open that door and let us go.

RICHARD: But this is amazing! I should have thought you would have all loved her. I should have thought her very honesty would have appealed to you. Look! There is no pretense about her. She frankly suggests what she is. Look at her hat, her clothes, her lips; everything about her is honest!

CONNIE: I'm suffocating!

RICHARD: Well, this is interesting! I never heard of an amateur billiard player refusing to play with a professional. So why should you object to meeting this lady? . . .

FAY: I had no idea respectable people could be so amusing. I must get to know some.

RICHARD: You'll fail to, as long as you know this lot.

ARCHIE: Fay knows heaps of decent men.

RICHARD: Yourself, for instance.

MONA (*laughs*): That's winded him. That's the best upper cut I've seen for some time.

RICHARD: Why you haven't the common decency to be faithful even to the wife of your friend.

Richard proceeds to illustrate his point and  
(Continued on page 54)





Portrait by Rabinovitch

**ALICE LEWISOHN: ACTRESS AND PHILANTHROPIST**

*Co-director and co-founder, with her sister Irene, of the Neighborhood Playhouse, a community theatre which blooms as an oasis of beauty in the desert of East Side ugliness*



# C · I · N · E · M · A

"The Thief of Bagdad"—Norma Re-established—The Hoodoo on W. S. Hart

By AILEEN ST. JOHN-BRENON

IN criticising the motion-picture we may adopt three standards of judgment.

First, we may approach the screen with the popular and fallacious notion that it has æsthetic possibilities, that the one-eyed vision of the camera can produce results which may be termed artistic. This, of course, is a huge and mercenary joke. Compare the finest movie ever made with even a second-rate painting and observe the difference. The world of the movie is flat—a world of silhouettes, shadows and mechanistic puppets. The artist—the Rembrandt for instance—creates a beautiful picture by putting himself, and all his experiences into his model. The camera merely reproduces what is before it. What is popularly called art in the movies is nothing more than "the ornate, lavish, sumptuous, garish, magnificent, etc." The only way pictorial beauty can get through the camera is by the reproduction of some "still" designed by a genuine plastic artist.

**SECOND:** We may look for the dramatic element, but here the dramatic critics rise up in horror, and tell us that while the "essence of the drama is action," there can be very little emotional excitement without words; that it is the dialogue that gives meaning, guidance and significance to action. Hence, it follows that the dramatic province of the movies is limited to the realm of pantomime, and the purer that pantomime—as in the case of Chaplin who practically eliminates sub-titles—the more effective the results.

**THIRD:** We may view the movie in what it has to offer in its own unique way, that is to say, we may consider the nature of the medium and catalogue its results in its own sphere. This last and most legitimate phase of the movies seems to me the least exploited of all. There is one aspect of the screen which is simply unapproachable—the creation of magic illusions and the working of miracles. This may not strictly speaking be artistic or dramatic, but it is nevertheless exciting and superbly entertaining. With the enormous strides now going on in photography, and the ingenuity of the American mind in devising startling and "trick" effects (why call them trick effects, why not term them simply fabulous?) it is almost impossible to predict the future of the film in this direction. The magic

of the moving picture makes the actual prestidigitator and magician like Hermann and Kellar seem crude and primitive. On the screen a world of magic can be invoked in an entirely convincing manner. Nothing is impossible. Water may flow upwards; smoke resolve itself into armies; man may ride the thunderbolt and turn the wind into marvelous ropes. All of us as children longed for magic power, for the ability to overcome our fates and adver-

alike. He conjures up all the visions of our youth, beautiful princesses, graceful handmaidens, fantastic imagery, the wealth of oriental luxury, and withal a fascinating romance to weld together a series of delightful episodes. He creates illusion after illusion. There is some fresh magic and mystery every few minutes—there are bewitched carpets and ropes, the cloak of invisibility, the crystal realm beneath the floor of the sea, and all the delicate charm of a fanciful and intangible world. And through it all is the magnetic figure of Fairbanks whose vivid personality holds this supernatural enterprise together — Fairbanks lean, lithe, acrobatic, always on his tiptoes, restless, vivid and irresistible. He is the merry thief who takes what he wants, sparing nobody. He robs and pilfers and destroys, and it is not until he makes his entrance into the magnificent castle of Bagdad, where all wealth is displayed before him, that he hesitates for the first time to help himself to something his heart desires. He has fallen in love with the princess and, overcome with a sense of his unworthiness, sets out to win the right to the happiness of claiming her as his own possession.



A DRESS FOR DORIS KENYON

The grandeur of the Eighteenth century is reproduced in Valentino's *Monsieur Beaucaire*, in which Doris Kenyon, as the English gentlewoman, wears this gorgeous gown designed by George Barbier

saries by something superhuman; in short to escape the mundane world and live in a land without gravitation or laws of any kind.

**SUCH** it seems to me is the true and neglected kingdom of the silent drama, and such is the world which Douglas Fairbanks brings to us in *The Thief of Bagdad*.

This picture is the supreme exemplification of the incredible. In it Fairbanks has ransacked the stories of *The Thousand and One Nights* and has compressed into his production every conceivable bit of magical lore, succeeding not only in making a picture which is original and unique, but one which will appeal to young and old

**I**N the *Princess*, Fairbanks introduces to us a new leading lady, the tall and willowy Julianne Johnson, and there is a long roster of Caliphs and slaves, princes and holy men and magicians, all of whom have been perfectly cast. Fairbanks has effaced himself in many scenes so that the audience, instead of being satiated with his spectacular presence, is always ready like Oliver Twist to cry for "More!"

*The Thief of Bagdad* is not only Fairbanks' finest achievement, it is one of the most brilliant photodramas to come to the screen, a tremendous undertaking and in addition the product of a lively imagination applied to the essentially legitimate province of the cinema. It is genuinely entrancing; it surpasses *Robin Hood* in sheer fancy, and is interspersed with a rich spirit of fun which keeps the audience laughing and wondering.

**I**N a quite different vein is Norma Talmadge's picture which opened amid a flourish of trumpets at the Astor Theatre. *Secrets* is a simple, appealing, little story adapted from the play by the same name.





#### A SON OF THE SAHARA

(Above) No California sand-dunes, but the real desert serves as a background for this thrilling and romantic adventure in which Bert Lytell plays the ever-popular Oriental lover, and for which a special company under Edwin Carewe was sent to Africa



#### THREE WEEKS

The erotic novel of Elinor Glyn finally has been transferred to the screen, with Aileen Pringle as the woman of the tiger-skin and Conrad Nagel as "the baby-blue-eyed Paul," who meet and love in a succession of such insinuating moonlit settings

### ROMANCE IN THE ORIENT AND OCCIDENT

*Two New Films Made Here and Abroad Featuring La Grande Passion*



It gives Miss Talmadge a versatile as well as an exacting rôle, and she measures up to it admirably. It makes you forget all about *The Song of Love*, and some of the inferior productions in which this talented young screen actress has recently appeared. Married life being composed of secrets, this romance discloses the tender memories of one marriage, and Miss Talmadge in her delineation ranges from girlhood to old age—first as a dainty maiden in crinolines, last as the wizened old lady waiting anxiously for hopeful news at her husband's bedside. It is in retrospect that she views the whole of their life together and a hardened first night audience shed a few tears over the struggles of the little woman who bore her trials so intrepidly. Miss Talmadge's transition from early youth to old age is convincing; she is equally winsome and sincere in her characterization of the girl, of the young mother struggling in pioneer America, and of the woman in England faced with the knowledge of her husband's infidelity—each is sharply individualized and complete. The picture is well mounted and offers a lesson of devotion and tolerance to homilistic souls.

Just what has happened to Eugene O'Brien on this occasion is difficult to explain, but the fact remains that he is pallid and stereotyped, and will prove very much of a disappointment to those who have been insistent in their demands for the return of the O'Brien-Talmadge combination to the screen.

**E**NTER Gloria Swanson, actress. Whether, as many seem to believe, the advent of Pola Negri has succeeded in putting Gloria Swanson on her celluloid mettle, is a matter of speculation, but the fact remains Miss Swanson is no longer a glorified clothes horse. It seems equivalent to heresy to voice the thought, but a Gloria without her ebullient plumage loses most of her interest and for this reason we found her far more entertaining in *The Society Scandal* than in *The Humming Bird*. A misunderstood Gloria in a beautifully appointed drawing-room carrying her exotic head-dresses high in the face of unmerited criticism is far more alluring than a gamine of the Paris streets acting all over the set. Gloria has a good line, as the saying goes, and she ought to stick to it. She is individual—the Barbara La Marrs *et al.* are only imitations—they haven't her personality—and the fact that the histrionic talents of Miss Swanson have had a belated development, is no reason why she should use her temperamental prerogative and hurl her wardrobe into the Lasky lot.

**W**HICH brings us to William S. Hart. He has been hoodooed with poor material ever since he returned to the

screen, and in *Singer Jim McKee*, well, only loyalty to an old favorite prevents the unburdening of the plain, unvarnished truth. If Bill Hart should ever get ornery, Famous Players should trot out this asininity and compel the grand old man with a gun to witness it. It is too hopeless for words, and has caused no end of trouble between Hart and his distributing organization. Famous contended that anyone who could manufacture so inferior a production needed some one to guard his interests. Hart argued that one poor picture in a series of successes did not justify a nursemaid. The result was a deadlock between the star and the producer, but it is doubtless nothing more than a family squabble, and when it is all over Hart will in all likelihood wipe away one more furtive tear and return peaceably to the studio.

**R**ENNOLD WOLF once wrote that *Three Weeks* ought to be packed in chloride of lime and shipped back to Eng-

and charm of a day gone by. John Barrymore is the Beau to the life, handsome, distinguished, intolerant, unscrupulous. Channing Pollock wrote in one of his recent plays that it was the ambition of every woman under thirty to behold John Barrymore in tights across the footlights, but Barrymore in knee breeches and powdered wig is transcendently superior. Above all he gives a performance of such rare skill and—yes, we have to admit it, perfection—that it well nigh compensates for the miles of mediocrity we have endured in the name of cinema art. This is simply the story of a life—the inimitable dandy of the time of George III—the social arbiter of his day—who, basking in royal favor, found himself at last outlawed and disgraced because of a sovereign's frown. There is no attempt to make a colossal drama, and its very simplicity, together with the presence of Barrymore, puts it in a class by itself. It is human and real, an emotional study of the downfall of the imperious dandy reputed to be the son of a barber and whose name became synonymous with good manners and style the world over. Willard Louis gives a splendid portrayal of the capricious monarch, while Mary Astor, Carmel Myers and Irene Rich carry off the feminine honors.

## SECOND YOUTH

might just as well have been entitled *Second Childhood*, meaning anyone you like who is connected with the picture. It contains the names of Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontaine, Jobyna Howland, Margaret Dale, and no end of popular Broadway favorites, but they have been so wretchedly miscast as to be unrecognizable

save by their names on the program. This purports to be a comedy, but the only laughs possible are those you will have up your sleeve that intelligent people could be so silly.

**T**HIS is the time of the year that the *Peter Pan* legend is revived at Famous Players, but at last they seem to be genuinely in earnest. Famous bought Barrie's play in what now seems to be the dark ages, and they even went so far as to get Sir James to approve the scenario, but still no picture. Emissaries from the organization are now vigilantly scouting for a fitting *Peter Pan* which has been the main difficulty in bringing the production to the screen. Gloria Swanson, Dorothy Stone, and May McAvoy are amongst those mentioned for the part, but they seem to be as appropriate as Bull Montana or Ben Turpin. Mary Pickford or Jackie Coogan would seem to be the only possible candidates inasmuch as, for some peculiar reason, a name is considered necessary to make a screen *Peter Pan* popular in the "sticks."



JACKIE COOGAN

affects this elaborate disguise in his latest starring vehicle, *A Boy of Flanders*

land, but this referred simply to the book. The screen version will not even antagonize a Pennsylvania censor. It is altogether innocuous, and if you happen to be in a sufficiently frivolous mood you can view these mawkish sentimentalities and absurd distortions of life with a loud and contemptuous laugh. But, on the other hand, if you happen to be caught unwittingly you will probably leave the theatre in a sardonic and disgusted mood. The story of "a great love" has the superficialities which we have learned to associate with Elinor Glyn, but in these advanced days there is nothing to offend the susceptibilities of the most prudish. Aileen Pringle bears a strong resemblance to the English authoress and proves sufficiently seductive to "baby blue eyed Paul" in the person of Conrad Nagel.

**B**EAU BRUMMEL unfolds with the elegance and ease characteristic of the Beau himself. The screen version is based upon Clyde Fitch's play in which Richard Mansfield appeared. There is an old world air about it, and a certain majesty





CHARLIE CHAPLIN  
(lower center)

This time as a pathetic participant in the Alaska gold-rush, the great director returns to the eloquent shoes and foppish stick of his comedy adventures



NORMA TALMADGE  
in *Secrets* has recaptured the full glory of her former eminence

Lucas-Kanarian



MIMI  
PALNERI  
and  
ALFRED  
LUNT

in *Second Youth*, a comedy drama which features this distinguished male star of the legitimate

CORINNE  
GRIFFITH

as the purest Lily in *Lilies of the Field*, a true love story of the gay, wild life which concludes with an honorable offer of marriage



LITA GREY

from the ranks of ambitious extras, Mr. Chaplin has chosen this charming brunette to succeed the blonde Purviance as his leading lady



ALBERTA VAUGHN

the winsome comedienne who is starred in the title-rôle of *The Telephone Girl*, a series of comedies based on the stories of H. E. Witwer

## AMONG THE STARS AND NEAR-STARS

*Established Favorites and Promising Beginners Featured in Some New Films*



# M . U . S . I . C

## Interesting Revival of "Der Freischütz." . . . A New Conductor Comes and an Old One Goes

By GRENVILLE VERNON

THE revival of *Der Freischütz* was the only event of real interest in the closing weeks of the opera season. Weber's old opera remains, despite its romantic hocus-pocus, one of the supreme works of the lyric stage, and its presentation at the Metropolitan Opera House was in most respects a worthy and in some respects a brilliant one. Even the hocus-pocus had its thrill, and brought the feeling that perhaps after all we are at the end of the age of realism. When the *Freischütz* was last given at the Metropolitan fourteen years ago the magic bullets and devil dances seemed terribly outmoded. We smiled and shrugged our shoulders and murmured about our having put childish things away, and some of us even lumped the music with the childish things. But now fourteen years later we didn't feel so sure about the childishness even of the libretto, while for the music we felt a new wonder at its truth and sincerity.

The fact of the matter is that *Der Freischütz* is a veritable apotheosis of folk-music and folk-lore, and folk-lore and fairy stories are in reality never outmoded.

They are intertwined with the fiber of the human race and the music which expresses them is forever vital. When Berlioz said that there was not a note in Weber's score that he would throw away he spoke the truth. The music and the libretto of *Der Freischütz* alike express something which is fundamental, not only in the Germanic, but in the whole Caucasian race, for they spring from the entrails of the people.

IN the present revival first honors went to Mr. Bohnen for his superb impersonation of Kaspar. There have been differences of opinion in regard to some of Mr. Bohnen's creations, but there were none in the case of his Kaspar. He sang the music superbly, but what was most remarkable was the way in which he humanized the macabre quality of the rôle, and, indeed, raised it to the heights of tragedy. Kaspar is a character which is redolent of the Germanic forests and there is summed up in it the fears and superstitions which have ever existed in the hearts of the German people. It is probably a part which only a German can make really vital, and Mr. Bohnen succeeded in accomplishing this to an extraordinary degree. Only slightly less successful was Miss Rethberg's Agathe. Miss Rethberg's personality is not a potent one, and perhaps for that very reason suited the sentimental nature of the heroine, while her exquisite voice and vocal art are today unsurpassed on the lyric stage. Mr. Taucher was less noteworthy as Max, but then nothing that Mr. Taucher does is ever noteworthy; he is simply another German tenor. Miss

Queena Mario was graceful and sang well in the part of Aennchen. Mr. Bodansky gave a clear-cut, beautiful reading of the score, and the chorus assisted magnificently. The weakest item of the revival was Mr. Urban's scenery, which might have belonged to the middle of the last century. The suspicion refuses to down that Mr. Urban is doing too much, for the last few years have shown a distinct falling-



© Malvina Hoffman

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI

This bust of Poland's famous statesman-pianist by Malvina Hoffman has been one of the sensations of the season in the world of art. Mr. Paderewski has just concluded the most successful tour of his career

off in his creative power. At first he seemed to be repeating himself, but as himself is very good indeed, that wasn't without its compensations. Unfortunately in *Der Freischütz* he seemed to be repeating the scenic artists who died about the time he was born. In a word the scenery of the revival was quite Mid-Victorian.

SIGNOR GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA will continue as General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company until May 1929. The extension of his contract has been signed by the Metropolitan's board of directors, and Signor Gatti is now assured of what is probably the longest impresariaship in the history of opera, for in 1929 he will have presided

for twenty-one years over the destinies of the Broadway temple of song. Signor Gatti has grown grey in the service of the Metropolitan, but his shoulders are scarcely more bent than they were in that long-ago time when he arrived from Milan and caused cold shivers to run down the spines of the self-appointed champions of Wagner. It was then thought that he had come to put an end to all German opera and to enthrone the dictatorship of the House of Ricordi, the publishers who largely control the output of the modern Italian composers. But Signor Gatti has done neither of these things. He has continued to give German opera, and he has been no puppet of the Ricordis or of anyone else. He has stood always on his own legs and given opera according to his own lights—with a due eye on the box-office and the balance-sheet. For the last ten years that balance-sheet has shown an excess on the credit side, which means that alone of all opera-houses in the world the Metropolitan has paid its way. If his consulship has not coincided with one of the heroic ages of opera that, after all, is probably not Signor Gatti's fault.

THE coming of a new conductor of ability, especially if that conductor is young, always causes a flutter of excitement to run through the music world. Such a conductor arrived at the tail-end of the season in Vladimir Golschmann, who despite his name is a Frenchman and the director of the Concerts Golschmann in Paris. Mr. Golschmann came to America earlier in the year as conductor of the ill-starred Swedish Ballet, and despite a poor orchestra, which played more or less incomprehensible music, he made a distinct impression. Walter Damrosch, who after a long and distinguished career as conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, is evidently looking about for someone to succeed him, or at least share his burden, picked Mr. Golschmann as a likely candidate, and gave the young Frenchman a chance at one of the regular New York Symphony concerts. In a program which included Weber's *Euryanthe* overture, the Haydn Symphony No. 13, Debussy's *Nuages* and *Fêtes*, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Scheherazade*, he at once proved his metal. It is altogether probable that if Mr. Golschmann elects to remain in America that he will prove a distinctive and important figure. In all that he conducted he showed a remarkable and vitalizing energy, a superb sense of rhythm and decisiveness of beat, and a masterful authority. His readings possessed clarity, balance, and exquisite feeling for color, and a love of sonority, though in the latter matter it was evident that he had not quite gauged

(Continued on page 64)





© U. and U.

LOTTA  
VAN BUREN

A great-niece  
of a former  
President, her  
recitals of an-  
tique instru-  
ments have  
delighted the  
cognoscenti



© Miskhin

BENIAMINO GIGLI

His Lionel in *Martha*  
has placed him among  
the musical elect



© U. and U.

PAUL  
KOCHANOSKI

The fair land  
of Poland has  
sent this  
young violin-  
ist to us as  
one of her  
musical am-  
bassadors



© Miskhin

ROSINA GALLI

Whose miming of  
the mysterious  
Princess has been  
one of the rea-  
sons for the suc-  
cess of *Le Coq*  
*d'Or*



© Miskhin

MERLE  
ALCOCK

Her contralto  
voice already  
well known in  
the concert  
world, she sang  
this season with  
equal success at  
the Metropolitan



© Miskhin

WILLIAM GUSTAFSON  
Born under the elms of  
Harvard College of Swedish  
parents, this young bass has  
already taken his place in  
the forefront of Wagnerian  
singers

## BRIGHT MEMORIES OF A FADING SEASON

*Some Musicians Whose Passing Is But a Prelude to Their Return*



# V · A · U · D · E · V · I · L · L · E

The All-Star Aggregation—More and More High Art—Reproducing the Hippodrome

By BLAND JOHANESON

Sketches by Maurice Maxeville

WHOEVER but a humorous columnist could have perfected the quaint invention that a professional comedian should restrain himself from being funny for nothing! At one of those "swell" soirées of the show-people



which frequently embellish metropolitan midnight, this contention was voiced. And there was consternation. Julius Tannen, the monologist who graces the label "the most intellectual comic in vaudeville" and is the parent of the idea — "why pay three dollars for

a portion of strawberries in January, when cranberries are so much cheaper, and they're just as sour"—retired to a corner and wept. And Mr. Tannen who once even retired from the stage to become a furniture salesman and found "that all his friends had beds," had not been singled out as the horrible example.

A pair of other vaudeville wise-crackers were. Mr. S. Jay Kaufman severely scored the kindred Ben Bernie and Phil Baker for their penchant for the snappy retort. And insisted with some heat that the sense of humor should be restrained, that an actor who said anything funny off-stage was guilty of bad faith toward a public which had to buy tickets for his wit.

IF any columnists fancy that Messrs. Bernie and Baker are funny either on or off the stage, that is nobody's business. Mr. Baker has launched the "his car has so many mortgages, he calls it The Covered Wagon" gag. And Mr. Bernie achieved the consummate in funniness when he forsook comedy and took up jazz-music seriously. But what must concern us, as solemn and intense students of the halls, is not comedy in restraint but in abandon. And the relation of the casual wise-crack to the monumental wise-crack. And which is the cause and which the effect of the other.

We must trace the evolution of the comic male single. He probably answers the question which has puzzled science: What becomes of the infants who pull all those Sunday School wheezes which are printed in tiny type and are slugged in the composing-rooms—"fillers, use if needed." His mother probably calls him "witty" and his girl "a perfect scream."

Then somebody convinces him of the nobility of spreading cheer and sunshine in this grief-wracked work-a-day world. And finally he goes up and makes Mr. Wegfarth, who does the pruning for Albee, laugh. After that, he's set.

Everyone who is forced by circumstance to encounter a professional humorist becomes "the dog." The jokes are tried on him. If he feels kindly toward the perpetrator he laughs gently, and the joke is tried out on an audience. If he detests the comedian he laughs immoderately—(prop laugh number 19)—the joke goes into the act for the Palace and the wit is ruined. You can see at a glance that this system is all wrong for the humorist and should be brought to the attention of Mr. Albee. Mr. Kaufman probably has had to play the dog so often he has become embittered. Hence the proposal, that humorists refrain from being funny outside the theatre. The strong-minded can stay away from the music-halls. And the weak-minded will laugh anyway.

JACK OSTERMAN is an example of the professional funny lad who ventures also into the semi-pro, amateur, and open classes and plays around them all in a rather mean par. He is the authentic wise-cracker, in all the horrible and beautiful phases of this art. Witty. Assured. Smooth. And his new act which is a deft satire on Hollywood and the movies (in

which the young man apparently knows his way about) is a masterly piece of humorous showmanship.

The essence of the humor of such a finely finished vaudeville comedian is a sly laugh at himself and a congratulatory chuckle at what he's getting away with. And could a comedian who possesses this quality send it to the storehouse with his props on lay-off weeks, he couldn't possibly be a comedian and the property sense of humor would be in

the storehouse most of the year.

Consider Mr. Jack Benny. One cannot ask you to consider him seriously. But could the very stimulating comedy he offers possibly be classified with the typical jokebook vaudeville, "sidewalk conversation" or the Aaron Hoffman monologue? Assuredly, he invites his sense of humor to accompany him abroad after the theatre. And we have in Mr. Benny a wholly and admirably winning example of that peculiar humor which flourishes

as "wise-cracking." To revert to the inspiration of Mr. Kaufman's complaint, a blend of the famous Bernie wit and the equally famous Baker quality which is known in Hollywood as "S. A." this comedian and violinist is a master of their mutual method. Suave, sly, subtle, composed and restrained. He does descend occasionally to such rubber-stamp ribaldry as announcing *Humoresque* and then playing a song-hit. And some of his gags may not be original. (I remember distinctly that Frisco sold the



"Gee, ain't the s-s-s-subway terrible, we're packed in like sardines!" "Naw, sardines are b-b-b-etter off. They're laying down!" gag to Lou Holtz for a mere Corona Perfecto). But whether interspersed with jokes of questionable origin, his own sheer humor is there, and a magnetism of personality and precision of salesmanship which distinguish him as a comedy single of potential prominence.

KITTY DONAR, now unencumbered by the unsensational company of sister Rose and brother Ted, and unhampered by the limited confines of a Shubert revue, returns to vaudeville with a continental polish and gift for delicate satire which raise her into the exalted company of such artists as Brice. In her own special field of male impersonation she equals and sometimes outdistances the music-hall favorite, Ella Shields. There is understanding there. And more important, a laugh. And as a dapper Frenchman on mischief bent, Miss Donar steps somewhere near perfection in characterization. The special excellence of her dancing is taken for granted. And this new act is one so finished, surely by the time this is published, the irrepressibly shrewd and comic Miss Donar will have been recaptured by the field of revue.

V AUDEVILLE, after all, is becoming more and more an "open-time" vocation with the really talented. Tessa Kosta, the Belgian prima donna, is filling in a few months most effectively. Apart from the Cinderella saccharinity of her vehicle, and the affectation of her tenor support (one so marked that his utterance "The queen is heah", produces ripples of knowing laughter from the hard-boiled sophisticates), hers is an offering of more than ordinary interest. Her personality  
(Continued on page 68)





# Heard on Broadway

Stories and News Straight from the Inside  
of the Theatre World

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait



IF one may judge by what is being said in the most exalted of the managerial offices, American cities other than those of primary size will be without their legitimate attractions before long. The situation is resulting from dire financial loss experienced by many notable New York hits that perished on the road. It would seem nowadays that towns like Detroit and Cleveland have small use for anything but musical shows and what happens to even the best of "legit" attractions in smaller places, such as Minneapolis, is cruel beyond words. Two important producers have sworn to me that they have sent their last plays out of New York, save to Chicago and Philadelphia.

The West will benefit this summer by BILLIE BURKE'S badly directed season, which cost her a place in such hits as *The Swan* and *Grounds for Divorce*, both of which were offered her but turned down, much to her present regret. The Titian-tinted Billie, after a healthful sojourn in Florida, will now repair to California, there to play about in a piece called *Nancy Stair*.

GUY BOLTON is one of the earliest of the summer exiles this year, being already in France on a rest well earned after a fatiguing try-out trip with *Sitting Pretty*. When the eminent writer of comedies returns he will bring with him his young daughter Peggy who has been for two years past in Paris with Mrs. Bolton. The latter you will recall as MARGUERITE NAMARA, an erstwhile Metropolitan favorite who has registered a vogue at the Opéra Comique that makes her leaving there at the moment impossible.

The stock season this year will doubtless be the most interesting in a long while, due to the scurrying in that direction of many regular players who want to remain clear of the strike situation. As a matter of fact, regardless of the manner in which the impending strike is settled (a result which is none too certain at the moment of writing), it is obvious that hundreds of actors are cold to Equity Shop and would strike merely for the sake of not being known as "quitters." In conferences with many players I have yet to find one outside the close ring of Equity officials who feels hotly in favor of their attitude. If the actors win it will be a droll victory—droll in disclosing the producers, especially the so-called "stand-patters," in the light of bluffs. One honest, unified, sincere gesture on the part of the managers that was rendered credible to the world-at-large and the actor group in particular, would win the fight. But it won't be forthcoming because no one manager trusts any of the others.

Two groups of prophets are arguing these days concerning the development of the New York theatre district. The Theatre Guild is dedicating one normal development by planning its new home in the fifties and it is believed that Fifty-seventh Street may look forward to being the Forty-second Street of the next decade. On the other hand, the contemplated removal of the Sixth Avenue Elevated structure bids fair to turn that quondam noisy boulevard into a rival of Broadway—with a dash of Fifth Avenue—and several venture the opinion that the dramatic district will thus move toward the East before it moves to the North.

A birdie tells me that JOE WEBER is planning to bring FAY TEMPLETON back to the stage in the fall. This move will have the enthusiastic interest of many play-goers of yesterday, though, alas, many of the new generation will wonder what it is all about.

One of the most successful of Hungarian composers of operetta is now in this country seeking to register a new triumph in the new land. That a success in Budapest means little to-day is brought out by the fact that his last production there, which ran steadily for four months, netted him a total in royalties of around five hundred dollars. This amount would be about half the weekly royalty of a successful musical show writer in this country.

PEGGY WOOD is the next in line of singing comedienues to have quit the musical field for that of the legitimate. All musical comedy stars try to leave their field for that of the more sedate form of drama. Some succeed, others don't, others fall half-way. A notable example of the successes in the effort was MARIE TEMPEST, who is now thought of exclusively as a legitimate actress; another is INA CLAIRE. LILLIAN RUSSELL and BLANCHE RING did not swing it quite so well. Occasionally, the reverse is the case. MADGE KENNEDY, a dramatic star, suddenly went into *Poppy* and sang her way to a new hit. FAY BAINTER, who has been shifting about unhappily since *East Is West*, had none too successful a venture in musical comedy with a show called *The Dream Girl* which closed precipitately on the road some weeks back. And quite recently we have had the shock of seeing the dignified young DWIGHT FRYE, associate in literary dramatics of BROCK PEMBERTON, turn traitor to the highbrow cause and raise a not bad tenor voice as the hero of *Sitting Pretty*!

The theory entertained by certain big managers that if they stop producing, the theatre will, willy nilly, cease, seems rather fatuous in the face of the fact that the real heaping teaspoonful of winnings during the past two or three years have been made by people who are not of the regular managerial school and who knew little of the business before plunging into it. The Theatre Guild was comprised entirely of amateurs when it started, none with more than a tithe of training in Greenwich Village; ROSALIE STEWART knew nothing of the legitimate field when she came into it and has the proud record of one hundred per cent. success with her three efforts, *The Torch Bearers*, *Meet the Wife* and *The Show Off*; EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER and JAMES FORBES were writers and not managers in any sense, but they have made an amazing success with their Dramatists' Theatre, producers of *The Goose Hangs High* and *The Rabbit's Foot*. W. HERBERT ADAMS, a lawyer, is largely responsible for the success of *White Cargo*. So just where the monopoly of genius rests in the P. M. A. I am unaware.

The producer of *Abie's Irish Rose* is about to invest a portion of the three million it is accredited by Broadway to have made in "artistic" theatrical enterprise. Accordingly, the programs of MME. SIMONE'S fall repertory of eight weeks in French classics will read, "ANNE NICHOLS presents—". The ambitious authoress of the gold-mine Irish-Hebrew comedy is also said to be at work on a drama which the distinguished Parisian star will play in English.

The success of the intine revue (Charlot's) on Broadway this season has had its natural influence on the program for next. Now the bright boys and girls who have been identified with the Forty-fourth Street school of cultivation (the Algonquin Exhibition Gallery) are to come out with a brilliant revue of their own, *'Round the Town*. S. JAY KAUFMAN and HERMAN MANKIEWICZ are active in the management of the venture. The principals include JAY and JANET VELIE, GLORIA FOY, ROSE ROLANDO and JACK HALEY.





# THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE



Bruguiera

(Above) The Quay at Bristol. The second scene of the first act of Charles Hopkins' version of the Stevenson classic gained its atmosphere from the mere suggestion of a narrow street running down to the wharf, hemmed in by houses. These flats were reversed from Scene One, in which they served as the interior of the Admiral Benbow Inn

(Right) The children's play, *Sleeping Beauty*, consisted of a permanent set and several smaller insert sets which were dropped inside of this one. The scene shows the Prince coming upon the sleeping court, after forcing his way through the thicket

## Threshold Theatre Productions

The settings for these scenes from *Treasure Island* and *The Sleeping Beauty*, presented at the Threshold Theatre by the students of The School of the Theatre, were the work of Howard Clancy, who designed and executed them. The scene above, from *Treasure Island*, is full of the feeling of early morning in the Tropics, the black silhouetted trees and overhanging foliage, against a blue light-streaked cyclorama, suggesting the approach of dawn





# The Amateur's Green Room

*Behind the Scenes in the Colleges, Schools, Clubs and Little Theatres*

## HURRAY FOR BINGHAMTON!

MR. DONALD M. TOWER, Director of Dramatics of the Department of Education, Binghamton, N. Y., feels that Binghamton, as well as Westfield, N. J., deserves "a place in the sun" in our columns, and we agree with him and repeat with him, "Hurray for Binghamton!" Mr. Tower's letter, explaining the why and wherefore of his enthusiasm, follows:

"I have been very much interested in an article entitled 'The Westfield College Women's Club' which appeared in your Department of the March 1924 THEATRE MAGAZINE.

"The last part of the article, however, has made me wish to apply the old adage 'credit to whom credit is due.' In the city of Binghamton, N. Y., there was organized in 1901 a College Women's Club which started in that year to do the same kind of work. Nearly eight thousand dollars has been loaned since that time to help forty-one girls and two boys through college. The yearly loan has never been less than two hundred dollars, and has sometimes been seven hundred dollars. This year five different girls have been able to start college through the help of this organization.

"In order to raise the money a number of one-act and longer plays have been given; one play having been written and directed by a member of the club. Likewise under the auspices of the club, such splendid works as Tony Sarg's *Marionettes*, an Indian production of *Hiawatha*, and the Stuart Walker Players, have been brought to the city. May I not also add 'Hurray for the Binghamton Club'?"

## SAINT STEPHENS PLAYERS

A DRAMATIC group that has made rapid strides in the two years of its existence, the Saint Stephens' Players of Minneapolis, now have their own theatre seating well over five hundred, and they have been steadily adding to their stage and lighting equipment.

Their policy is to present only the tried and proven dramatic successes of New York, and under the direction of Mr. Arthur Faust, who has established this Little Theatre group on a sound and paying basis, they have a number of successful plays to their credit, among others: *Billeted*, *The Acquittal*, and *A Tailor-made Man*, with *The Dover Road* in preparation.

During the coming summer months, plans will be formulated for next season whereby a series of plays will be given—one each month. Mr. George Taaffe is president of this enterprising and "going" group.

## THE PLAYERS OF PROVIDENCE

PROVIDENCE, Rhode Island, enjoys the distinction of having fostered a group—The Players of Providence—that for the past thirty-five years has worked continuously towards an ideal in the field of dramatic art—true "amateurs" who play for the love of it.

Thirty-five years ago the Talma Club, as it was then known, was founded by three young men with a keen love for the drama and a vision of its development as a social, cultural and in no sense commercial undertaking. These three men—Wilmot Atherton Brownell, James Hill and Henry Ames Parker—may well be considered the pioneers of the Little Theatre movement. They gave the name of Talma in recognition of the work of the great French actor of the Comédie Française, and it was not long before they had attracted a coterie of equally enthusiastic men and women who proceeded to develop a program that has surpassed the most sanguine expectations of the original founders. Although the name of the club has since been changed to The Players, the original name, Talma, is still retained by the Club Studio.

The handful of enthusiasts of thirty-five years ago has since grown to eight hundred associate members and about forty active, or artist members, all of them non-professional. There is but one salaried employee in the entire organization—a professional stage carpenter with whom the active members co-operate, without compensation. And there are volunteers aplenty to assist in painting, sewing, designing, stage and property work, and the making of costumes. In this way, their cost of production is reduced to a minimum.

The club is fortunate in having recently acquired a new studio in the old armory building in Providence, known as Infantry Hall, which has proved a valuable asset in the preparation and rehearsal of plays. The studio, which is equipped with facilities for experimentation in lighting, setting, action and atmosphere, takes in a large room for rehearsals, several smaller rooms that offer sample storage space for properties, and a reading room where groups of interested people gather weekly to read plays. The rehearsal room has three full-size stages, making it possible to simultaneously rehearse an act on one of the stages while the other two are being set with scenery and properties for subsequent acts.

The Players are now in proud possession of some five hundred pieces of scenery, which are catalogued and stored away with a filing system that makes it possible, when staging a new production, to assemble equipment and properties on short notice—in one of their last season's plays a

setting was used that had been built and used ten years ago. A file has been kept of photographs of their productions as far back as 1887, which helps them to visualize the contents of their storehouse and in this way to select what is needed for new productions without loss of time or material. Most Little Theatre groups are very long on artistry and woefully short on efficiency, but here is a group that functions with the precision and expertness of a business organization.

When new plays are to be tried out, or there is experimental work to be done with the needful inspiration of an audience, curtains are hung around the walls, a portable stage is set up and presto, the studio is converted into a Little Theatre! Last year a number of one-act plays were successfully presented in this manner, and in December four one-act plays were produced, two of them—*Where Love Is There God Is Also*, and *The Shepherd in the Distance*—offering rare opportunity for the development of talent that in time will be available for the major plays that are produced each season. Their Portmanteau Theatre is another important asset. It may be set up in any auditorium or park and it has the distinct advantage of being of the right proportions to permit the use of any of the club's scenery.

But in presenting their major plays in Infantry Hall auditorium there were serious obstacles to overcome. A vast bare armory auditorium is not conducive to the atmosphere necessary for successful play production, but the inventive Players have solved the problem in an interesting fashion with the use of movable walls and curtains, thus dividing the hall and providing themselves with an attractive and more intimate playhouse.

This group has achieved well deserved and notable success in their efforts to present the best from a literary and artistic standpoint, which is as it should be with the organization which they have developed and built up. The past season saw the Players' two hundredth performance and their productions reached the hundred mark in George Kelly's *The Torchbearers*.

## THE MUSICAL CLUBS OF HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

THE combined musical clubs of this Worcester, Massachusetts college have breasted the tide of modern music with singular success, if they are to be judged by their achievements. In their programs the compositions of modern artists have been ignored, they have persevered in the interpretation of the great and old masters, and with this single standard of excellence in view, they have progressed phenomenally during the three years of their reorganization.

The Clubs' programs have included  
(Continued on page 66)





### THREE PRODUCTIONS OF THE PLAYERS OF PROVIDENCE

The versatility of this old-established dramatic group is expressed in their treatment of these settings for *The Dover Road* (top), *The Tragedy of Nan* (center) and *The Rivals* (bottom). Mr. Joseph W. Spranger, who designed the setting for *Dover Road*, created a charming stage picture with this old English interior. *The Tragedy of Nan* and *The Rivals* were the work of Mr. Henry Ames Barker. His use of drapes in the setting for the latter play should furnish ideas and inspiration for other groups, unable to handle complicated sets



# The Promenades of Angelina

Sketches by Charles LeMaire

**T**UBBY, just like the rest of us, has certain pet phrases he likes to employ. Several of them I have taken over into my own vocabulary without knowing the how or why of their origination, just because I've heard him repeat them so often. One I'm quite fond of goes this way . . . "I love the summer, you kin dress s' fancy!" Tubby says the phrase originated in the days of his youth, when he was an undergraduate at Harvard, with a famous vaudeville team called The Russell Brothers . . . but even he has forgotten what the vaudevillian context was . . . Anyway he always opens the summer season with the remark when he sees me appear for the first time in a really summery garb . . . and then we apply it variously throughout the period . . .

Last week was the occasion of the phrase's first appearance this year, when Tubby took it out of its winter wrappings, dusted it off, and displayed it *à propos* of a costume of mine . . . a white tub silk frock with cross-stitch embroidery in jade-green and yellow and rose, and a loose box coat in jade-green flannel with borders of colored flannel strips in rose and turquoise and yellow and brown . . . With it I wore a little plain white Panama cloche, with a simple black grosgrain binding around the brim and huge black *cocarde* . . . Also I had on a pair of jade-green leather pumps . . . It was a costume gay with color and Tubby likes to tease, but I knew nevertheless that he was very pleased with me . . .

## EVERY MAN HIS OWN THERMOS

**T**HE *raison d'être* for all this glory was a beach party . . . Four of us were to go down in Tubby's car in the afternoon and have five o'clock tea and coffee and sandwiches on the beach, and then drive back to town for a late dinner . . . Though it was still early in the season, we had had one awfully hot day . . . the first . . . and that always makes Tubby and me pant for the sea . . . "If tomorrow matches this," said he, "let's get two of our little pals and go down to the sea . . . if not in ships, at least in motors" . . . And next day was like the preceding in temperature, and we went off after lunch, each member of the foursome armed with his own individual Thermos . . .

What our crowd would do without its Thermos bottles I don't know! I do know



Angelina equipped for the June beach with a bathing suit that can really swim, a scarf of black challis, scattered with brilliantly colored flowers, for warmth, and a Japanese sun umbrella to guard against sunburn. Tubby, just around the corner, carries Angelina's Thermos bottle, in bright enamel, now an indispensable part of every well-bred bathing costume

though that I'm positive you couldn't "belong" without owning one . . . or maybe two . . . or even three . . . And be prepared to appear with it filled with whatever has been requisitioned, too! Anyone without a Thermos would feel so out of it, it would be unthinkable . . . You know . . . like not dancing, or not smoking . . . or some frightful lack of that sort . . .

## TO MATCH THE COSTUME

**S**O, as I said, there we were when we climbed into the car, each with his own Thermos . . . And one had tea . . . and one had coffee . . . and one had . . . well, you know . . . "something" . . . as Frank Tinney might say . . . And Tubby brought cracked ice . . . Have you ever thought of cracked ice for a Thermos . . . It's Tubby's inspiration . . . You can use it as ice . . . and then you can pour it into the cap of the Thermos and get a little drink of water . . . Only you must be very careful in putting the ice into the neck of the bottle, to have the pieces small enough . . . I saw Tubby once crack a Thermos and completely put it out of business, by trying to force in a too large piece . . .

The girls in our crowd generally have their Thermoses in two or three different colors of enamel to go with different costumes. I, for instance, have one in white . . . and one in red . . . and one in green enamel . . . and I carried the green one that day . . . The men as a rule favor plain nickel for theirs . . . Tubby has one of those big nickel jars that keep hot foods hot and cold foods cold, but he didn't bring it along this time because we were concentrating merely on sandwiches, with the idea, as I've said, of having dinner in town . . .

Incidentally, while we're on the subject of Thermos bottles, I heard an amusing little tale of the way in which one served as life saver for a certain situation . . .

A girl I know got married about a year

and a half ago to a young composer, and went to live in an apartment . . . Since his work permitted it they were in the habit of doing a good deal of late . . . or if you prefer it *early* . . . dining and dancing, and of sleeping in the mornings . . . Madame would then arise and pamper Monsieur by making his coffee on the percolator, and toasting his bread on an electric grill . . .

At the end of a year however, Madame, who had all sorts of brain and ability,

and an abounding vitality besides, became somewhat fatigued with this kind of existence . . . She decided she absolutely had to do something, and found a position on a magazine where she attained a huge success almost overnight . . . Monsieur protested, but was won over bit by bit . . . The one fly in the ointment, however, was his morning coffee . . . Fly? . . . Say rather a huge beetle . . . His mother, it seems, had always made it for him before his wife, and he was absolutely dependent on both the coffee and the idea . . . You know how men are . . . and especially an artist . . . He couldn't be happy and he couldn't work if he didn't have that morning cup of coffee . . . and made by the lily white hands of his young spouse . . . She, on the other hand found it most difficult to carry on with the coffee and arrive at the office at nine o'clock . . . Moreover, Monsieur wasn't in the least in the mood for waking up at that hour . . . Suddenly Madame had a brilliant inspiration . . .

## A MARRIAGE SAVED TO SOCIETY

**S**HE would buy a Thermos bottle, prepare the coffee the night before and place it on a small table by Monsieur's bed, where he could reach out and get it the minute he opened his eyes in the morning . . . *Voilà*, a situation saved! A *ménage* restored to order and harmony! A woman free to pursue her career! This *petite histoire* was told Mother and me by the lady herself, and we were both very sympathetic and much amused over it . . . On the second anniversary of their wedding we are planning to send them one of those darling little Thermos jugs in nickel, that now come just purposely to hold coffee or tea . . . They are in the two- or four-cup size . . . and so swanky! In writing this article a special superior make of Thermos, of which we have learned, was had in mind. Its name and where it can be found will be furnished you by Angelina on request.



To return to our beach party . . . The warm day had enticed a crowd of people out, though it was still so early in the season . . . and though the water was cold, there were quite a number of men and girls who were bathing . . . They were of those, naturally, who take swimming very seriously indeed . . . I do too, but not so painfully as that . . . All in good time, I think . . . and then I like a day on the sands in which to get acclimated, and look the ground over and become inspired as to my bathing costume for the summer. For a costume it must be now, complete as to the last detail of shoes and cap and parasol and what-not . . . Gone are the dear, dead days of which Mother tells, when a bathing suit was just a bathing suit . . . "only that, and nothing more" . . . Though,



agreed with Mother, I say, that where you are playing about on a beach with a lot of people, especially men, it doesn't hurt to leave a little something to the imagination . . . just a bit more of covering . . . and of mystery . . . When the men returned they agreed with our decisions and enjoined us to go to it next day in the shops, and get ourselves up "fancy" . . . And then we piled into the car and drove back to town under a glorious moon . . . The next day I met Dolly and we started our intended round . . . But we didn't have to go very far . . . at least not with regard to the bathing suits . . . For as soon as we struck the knitted bathing suit counter in our first shop we stopped right there . . . there was such an enchanting variety of styles and color combinations . . .

Bathing Caps from the I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co.



After you have spent a deliciously puzzled half-hour trying to settle which one of the colored rubber bathing caps offered by the shops is the loveliest you will probably decide on two or three. Write Angelina for the colors in which these two brilliant and becoming styles come

A particular make of bathing suit in which you may look smart and yet swim. It is practically a one-piece suit, as the trousers are attached to the outside, and comes in several plain colors with the leather belts in contrasting shades. The cap is the same as that in the circle below, only with the pompon worn on the side

and we decided not for us that style . . . We needed the full use of our arms and bodies for diving and swimming, if we were to chum about and compete with the men . . . and we wanted something more along their bathing suit lines . . .

We also took up and settled the question of the one-piece knitted bathing suit, with or without the little skirt addition . . . and voted in favor of the former . . . That is, the particular kind of one-piece bathing suit shown on this and the opposite page, where the trousers are attached underneath the skirt part and the latter comes down long enough to cover them . . . and covers you too . . . Now that we've been educated up to it, it's really the only kind of bathing suit to have . . . For we agreed with Mother . . . I won't say *for once*, because Mother's very up-to-date in her ideas . . . she doesn't object just because it isn't her generation, but because she has a reasonable reason . . . We

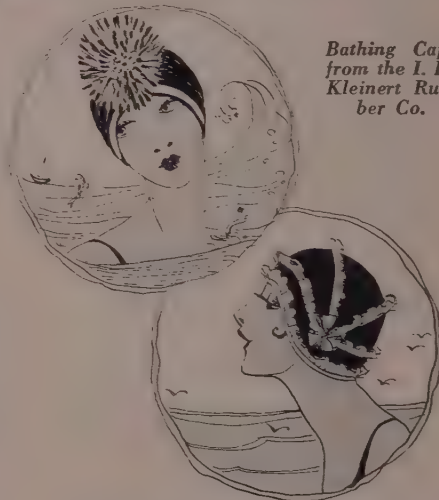
judging by the pictures, they made up for any deficiency in the line of costume by the amount of stuff they put into the suit itself . . .

The men having gone up the beach for a little exercise, Dolly . . . the other feminine member of the party and now that Fanny's abroad my best girl friend for the time being . . . Dolly and I lounged on the warm sands and tried to decide what our bathing suits should be. We weren't very successful, as neither of us had been round the shops seriously to see what there was to see, nor had either of us been to Palm Beach the past season . . . We both knew from our friends who had, that long-sleeved and high-necked suits of black satin had been very popular there with certain smart women . . . rather older than ourselves, however . . .



The smartest bathing shoes of the season, of black satin held by elastic over which black satin ribbon is shirred, giving to the foot a small and compact look

Bathing Caps from the I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co.



Another two of the positively ravishing rubber caps of the season! The first is in flexible rubber with a pompon made of tiny rubber tubes that quiver and flirt with you in the most fascinating manner; the second in bright, clear tones with soft rubber frills in white

and began trying to settle on the one we should buy . . . We pawed them over and held them up to each other and in front of the glass . . . and finally, with the help of a clever and attentive salesgirl . . . and what a difference a clever and attentive salesgirl can make . . . there was selected for me a pure white knitted suit, with a Sam Brown belt in green leather (See the sketch above) . . . and for Dolly one of the same style, only done in black and white checks with a border (See the opposite page). I think I should have preferred one like that, if left to myself, since I am making a specialty of black and white combinations this year . . . and perhaps for life . . . but Dolly beat me to it . . . And we couldn't have identically the same things, since we shall be so much together . . . especially with a striking suit like the black and white check . . .



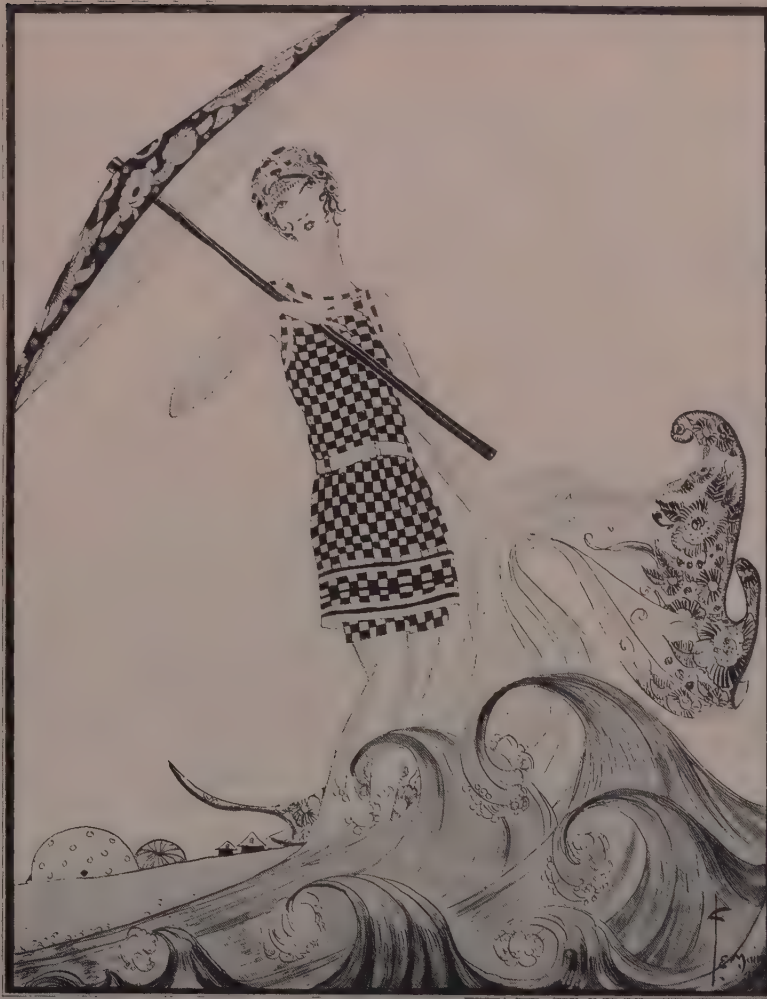
Once the knotty problem of the suit was settled there came the more "intricate" one of the accessories . . . We had to have sweaters and scarves and shoes and parasols and of course, first of all bathing caps . . .

Well, you needn't worry about bathing caps this season . . . I've never seen anything so perfectly adorable as they are . . . Dolly and I, unable to decide which was the prettier, bought two apiece, to begin on . . . She favored two caps made in turban shape with their ends drawn in and hanging down below the ears (See the sketches on page 44) . . . one in purple with ends on either side . . . and one in bright plaid drawn just to the right . . . She featured that type of turban hat this winter, it proved so becoming to her, and was only too delighted to find it repeated in a bathing cap . . .

Me, I fitted better into a pert affair of clear green rubber, matching my green bathing suit belt, with a yellow piping about the edge and a quivering and flirtatious pompon of tiny rubber tubes in yellow and green . . . The pompon could be worn on the side or in front, and there was another style which had two pompons . . . My second choice was a royal blue rubber cap, a most coquettish bonnet, with frills of white rubber . . . I think I shall sleep in that . . . in case there should be a fire and some young and noble hero should come to rescue me . . .

At the same place where we purchased the caps we bought some rubber bathing shoes which we liked the best of anything we had as yet seen . . . shoes of black satin held on by bands of elastic over which were shirred black satin ribbon . . . They made the foot look so small and compact . . . You may see them at the bottom of page 44 . . .

After the caps there were the sweaters to be tackled . . . but Dolly and I thought we should first have the breathing spell of lunch . . . We went into Mailard's, where we were lucky to find Dinarzade lunching alone, who asked us to sit at her table . . . She was interested to hear concerning our purchases of the morning, and had a suggestion to make about a beach scarf that we took to at once . . . Trust Dinarzade to know about clothes! She has such a *flair* for them, not only



A one-piece knitted wool suit of the same make as already described, with trousers attached. Its pattern of checks and border in either black or white or two contrasted tones makes it particularly stunning. A beach parasol in bright chintz is always an ingratiating accessory of the modern bathing costume

what is smart but what is picturesque . . . has an air . . . Everybody is frightfully keen to get her to wear their clothes . . . As to the beach scarf (See the sketch on page 43), it is her own idea . . . she has just had it made . . . You get yards and yards of a certain imported challis, which can be found only at one shop which specializes in Oriental fabrics . . . the

sions . . . Sunday mornings, say, when we "made our entrance" on the beach . . . and not the days when we dashed madly out of the afternoon train from town into the surf, with not a moment to lose . . .

Two sweaters seemed to fit into the required category . . . One, for me, of a soft brushed wool, light in weight, having fine horizontal lines in another color, and called a "swagger coat" . . . I'll say it is, said Dolly! White or green would have seemed the logical shade for my bathing costume, but in the first place this kind of sweater . . . which I liked the best for my purposes, the price, too, as I'd already spent almost up to my allowance . . . didn't come in either white or green, and then both Dolly and I agreed that you could overdo a strict color scheme . . . a relieving note was better . . . So I chose a camel background, nice and neutral, with strips of old blue . . . I should change my green leather belt to blue, and wear my little white frilled bonnet of blue with it . . . Dolly made her sweater selection to go with her purple bathing cap . . . an orchid luster wool with white cross strips in a little different pattern



Sweaters, practical and smart, for the beach, are of luster wool in orchid with white bands down the front and on the sleeves, or of camel brushed wool with fine horizontal lines in old blue, navy or seal





In *Peg O' My Dreams* a new conceit in fobs (upper sketch) appeared on a black moire frock, a fob of brilliants on a black ribbon being fastened underneath a gardenia. At the right is a fob cut out of green jade, with brilliants



from mine and with a deeper opening in front . .

The only articles left to purchase after that were two beach parasols in Japanese shape covered with bright flowered chintz, which were among the most delightful and decorative of any parasols I have seen . . Too delightful and decorative in fact to be confined to the beach, and I at least shall expect to carry mine in town on hot days with a light frock . .

We did see at one shop some perfectly enchanting bathing capes of rubberized moire in circular cut . . the under side, you know, of the plain rubber and the outer of the moire pattern, and this looked quite as sheenful and rich as the actual silk moire itself, and the colors matched the material in richness, a bright emerald green, a vivid cherry, a soft rust that was almost orange. With these capes went bandana caps of rubberish moire knotted boldly on one side, in colors to match . . We should have liked to have a set, but we had already spent as much as we dared . .

Leaving the bathing suit costume to speak of the popularity of black and white, Mr. LeMaire, who does the sketches for *The Promenades*, has just originated such a clever touch for one of his costumes in the new musical comedy *Peg O' My Dreams* . . A black moire frock has a fob with a design at the end in brilliants, and is fastened underneath one white gardenia . . Try this out on the upper pocket of your black tailor suit . . I have already done so on mine . .

Fobs are enjoying a nice little popularity . . that is they are popular, but not too popular to make them common, a balance I like . . They are pretty toys . . and hardly any two alike . . One of the prettiest which I saw in a shop on Fifth

Avenue, was of green jade combined with small brilliants . .

Here are two bits of fashion news to sleep on . . To give variety from the gardenia Dinarzade is affecting at the moment either a white carnation or a small bunch of lilies-of-the-valley for her buttonhole . . Either looks very chic . .

And several smart actresses have abandoned for the summer months the



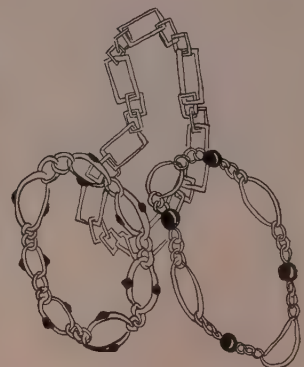
The popular Gertrude Lawrence of *The Charlot Revue* in a very unusual frock which combines extreme smartness with practicality! Of black satin, the sash and the bottom of the sleeves are of gold tissue cloth striped with bright colors

wearing of their diamond bracelets and taken up the "slave" bracelet instead . . They wear whatever number of these they wish, just as they did with the precious stone bracelets, each bracelet having a different type of link . . some in all silver or platinum, and some in all gold, and some in links combined of the

two . . They can be purchased for as little as five dollars apiece, or they can mount up as high as the other kind, if the links are set with diamonds or other precious stones . . Their advantage over the latter for summer is that they look lighter and more informal . . and that where one is traveling around from place to place, as one does in summer, and more in danger therefore of losing one's jewelry, the loss will be less. We know of one musical comedy star who had a magnificent collection of the diamond studded bracelets . . they reached halfway up her arm . . stolen while on tour this winter . . And now she announces, "Never again, winter or summer," and is going in for a collection of "slave" bracelets . . However as far as I saw them, this collection bids fair to become in time as expensive as the original one that was stolen . . For the lady had not only the simple links of the "slave" bracelets in platinum and gold, but links divided by cabochon emeralds, and links set with small diamonds . . Still they were a novelty . . nay, the novelty of the moment . . and immensely fetching . . and really she should worry . .

I ran into the fascinating Gertrude Lawrence of *The Charlot Revue* at an establishment on the Avenue last week . . She was trying on a frock, made for her from a French model, which I thought perfectly stunning, and which appealed to me as extremely practical as well, it could be worn in so many places . . The kind of frock that you could put on for lunch and wear the rest of the day and to dinner at a restaurant and to the theatre, and always look stunning . . Miss Lawrence was so good as to pose the frock and let me have a picture.

(For names and addresses of shops carrying the various articles mentioned in this article, write Angelina, *Care THEATRE MAGAZINE*, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.)



The latest craze in jewelry, especially adapted to the summer time, is that of the "slave" bracelet. You get variety by the different shape of the links, by the fact that some of your bracelets are in silver or gold, or the links are combined with various colored beads





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## ERNST TOLLER—DRAMATIST OF THE PROLETARIAT

(Continued from page 22)

mere violence; he knows that the frenzied proletariat armed with dynamite is nothing compared with men whose minds are sensitive to injustice and oppression. The masses are stupid and cruel; the masses are ignorant and untrained; the masses are what they are, however, because they are controlled by selfish, sinister powers.

*Die Maschinenstürmer* is far less poetic than *Masse-Mensch*, much more conventional in form and language. It is the story of the Nottingham weavers who rose a century ago against the introduction of machinery and destroyed the machines that were ruining them.

Like all of Toller's plays, this is the story of men who struggle against physical forces and fail to achieve their end. But what does mere material success amount to? The spirit conquers because the spirit must conquer. What can man do against man's own machine? Destroy it, yes, but man is in turn crushed under it. Man struggles because there is hope in his breast.

"Whether it's true, or whether it's useless," says someone in *Die Maschinenstürmer*, "it makes no difference. We must struggle because we are men." This is Toller's theme, the idea that inspires every line he writes. "Everyone is guilty," he says in the same play, "who knows that a child is starving and refuses him bread; who knows that someone is cold . . . and without a roof over him . . . who knows that someone longs for beauty and freedom while living in filth . . ."

"What I write," says Toller, "is not the outgrowth of suffering alone, it springs not alone from pity for the hateful drudgery of everyday men, nor is it alone a protest against the political and industrial orders. These are all grounds, but they are not the only grounds. I . . . struggle out of the fullness of my life. . . . I will penetrate the Living in whatever shape it appears. I will plow it up, with love, and destroy, if need be, what is turgid and numb, for the sake of the spirit."

### WHAT IS PATRIOTISM?

TOLLER is much more than a revolutionary, and his cries out of the depths are not the cries of an individual who happened to be crushed by the Juggernaut. Toller has descended to the depths, but he has learned there neither personal disillusion nor despair, but hope. His own life, so far, he must regard as no more than the material out of which to mould the works of his imagination. It has been a *Wandlung*, a transformation; he began as a blind idealist, firm in his simple convictions of right and wrong, ready to lay down his life in battle for the Fatherland. But what, he cries, is this Fatherland? Is

it mankind, or only the dominating forces of greed, the lust for gold and personal aggrandizement? And if so, is that worth fighting for? If not, then what is? If capitalism and industrialism have extinguished the individual, they have left the group, the mass; and the mass can retaliate only by becoming self-conscious. The mass is the hero, at least the protagonist, of every one of Ernst Toller's plays.

Toller's case seems miraculous. We have had books and plays and poems from conscientious objectors; we have had any amount of able propaganda from disappointed and downtrodden unfortunates, but how much intrinsically first-class imaginative work? Toller's miracle is this: that a young man, still under thirty, who might well be altogether disillusioned and desperate, should be able to sit in his cell year after year, writing works in which there is scarcely a trace of personal bitterness; that he should think and feel for the masses without consideration of his own suffering body and mind. He asks for no revolutionary party to set him free; he demands nothing more than spiritual freedom for mankind.

### THE ONLY WAY OUT

*DIE WANDLUNG* is a parable. A young man joins the army to fight for home and Fatherland, and discovers that home and Fatherland are illusions. They are but the catchwords of the masters who control the lives and thoughts of us all. The world in which we live is not a fit world for human beings; but man is good, and the nets which man has woven round himself must be cut and thrown to the winds. Revolution is certainly not the solution of the problem, but it seems the only way out of the difficulty. As always, Toller is not asking his fellow-beings to rebel because revolution will usher in the millennium, but because in the first instance he can do nothing else, and in the second, revolution will presumably clear away the accumulated refuse that now prevents man from attempting to realize himself.

The technical methods employed in *Die Wandlung* are borrowed from Strindberg's *Dream-Play*. The entire piece is accompanied by a grim song-and-dance; the bones of the dead are beaten on the fateful drums that call men to arms they know not why. The Prologue is called *The Garrison of the Dead*. The scene is a military burying-ground, where the graves are arranged according to companies. Enter Peace-Death, a skeleton with a top-hat and a handkerchief, and War-Death, wearing a steel helmet, with a human leg-bone for a staff. War-Death calls the men and officers from their graves and puts them through their drills. The difference between officers and privates is still perceptible,

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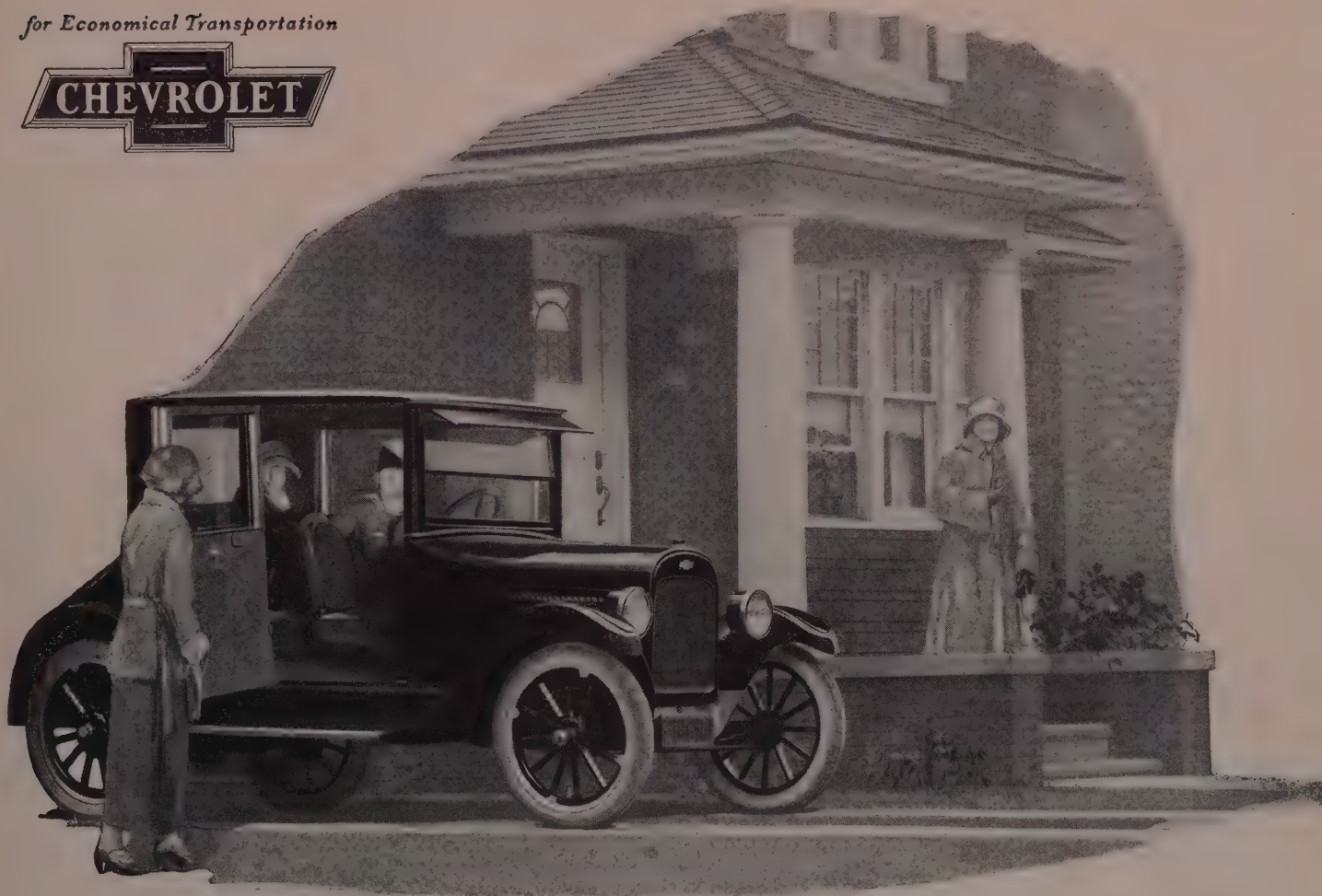
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even in death. Peace-Death doffs his hat to his "Herr Kolleg," declaring he could not do as well with his women and children. "Yes," he goes on, "you are the great principle of discipline."

The action passes "in Europe, before the Great Re-birth." Young Friedrich appears in all the scenes, a succession of "real" and "dream" pictures, the physical and spiritual counterparts of the youth's existence. He experiences the thrills of "Patriotism" and the horrors of war, and yet he emerges not altogether disillusioned. He seeks refuge in art, and has almost completed an heroic statue symbolizing faith in the Fatherland, but there remains a doubt in his mind, not that there is a Fatherland, no—only . . . whether there is not a higher Fatherland. And I don't want to be sure of *that*, for if I were, there would be no end to my fate; I should be Ahasuerus. But it is precisely this fate that he cannot escape; he has seen too much, drunk too deep of life, and tasted its bitterness. Faith he must have, but his faith henceforward will be in mankind and not solely in his country. He who sees this vision must wander alone, far from ordinary patriotic men. The last doubt vanishes as he sees before him the terrible results of narrow patriotism. "Lacerated men. For the sake of the Fatherland. . . . God, can a Fatherland ask that! . . . Is its soul worth the sacrifice? No, a thousand times no! Rather will I wander without rest, with you, Ahasuerus." He smashes his statue. "I destroy thee, symbol of the victorious Fatherland!" His wanderings begin again, and he loses himself only to find salvation in appealing to men, urging them to "march toward the light. Revolution, Revolution."

### A NEW WAR TRAGEDY

**DER DEUTSCHE HINKEMANN** is his latest play. A stark drama, naturalistic after the manner of Schlaf and Holz and the early Gerhart Hauptmann. You may think that the day of Naturalism is past. But no form is dead; only men die. The new play is a heartbreaking tragedy. It tells the story of a war cripple in a world without pity. Eugen Hinkemann returns from the war the victim of an operation which prevents the realization of his dearest dream: children. His wife is attracted to another man, and the cripple looks for work that will enable him to do what he can for Grete's sake. He consents to become a spectacle for the vulgar mob and hires himself to the manager of a side show, biting the necks of living rats and swallowing their blood. The author has purposely made Hinkemann a peculiarly sensitive soul, so that this last humiliation marks the man's supreme sacrifice. But he takes a tragic satisfaction in his "work" until one day Grete and her lover see him performing. The sight sickens the woman, who breaks with her lover and returns to her husband. He has done this for her sake! But Hinkemann is

not so easily convinced of the sincerity of her conviction. Will she not laugh at him as all the world laughs? Can she bear to live with him—now?

Man and wife are alone at the end. Hinkemann realizes that he has no right to accept Grete's sacrifice. "I know too much," he tells her. But she is afraid of life. She cannot face life; she does not understand it. "What is against nature," he says, "cannot be according to the will of God . . . Try, Grete, try . . . struggle, you are healthy . . . begin a new life . . . Struggle for a new world . . . for our world." But her courage and strength are gone. Life is too much for her. She cannot escape from the net. "Deliver us from evil, you my Savior Jesus Christ!" she cries and rushes out.

### THE CRY FOR DELIVERANCE

"WHERE," asks Hinkemann, thinking aloud, "where is the beginning and where the end? . . . You God of Lies! . . . Deliverance! Deliverance! In every street of the world men cry aloud for deliverance. The Frenchman . . . who made me a cripple . . . perhaps he, too, cries for deliverance! . . . Is he even alive? Blind, perhaps, armless, legless! . . . He injured me, and another injured him . . . But who has injured us all? . . . One soul are we, and one body. And there are men who don't see that. Men who have forgotten it. In the war . . . they hated their Masters, though they obeyed them and murdered! . . . It's all forgotten! Once again they will hate their Masters and yet obey them and murder! Such are men. They can be different if they wish it, but they don't wish it. They stiffen themselves against the spirit; they spit upon it; they destroy human life; they crucify it . . . always and always. . . ." His meditations are interrupted; his wife lies dead on the pavement below. She is brought in to him. "She was healthy," he muses, "and she has cut the net . . . and I stand here, colossal and ridiculous . . . What do we know? Where do we come from? Where are we going? Every day might bring Paradise . . ."

*Der Deutsche Hinkemann* is superficially a cry of passion and bitterness against the ribald idiocy of war. Hinkemann is a "colossal and ridiculous" figure; a maimed victim of the savagery and stupidity of man. But the war Toller is thinking of, the war that happened to bring suffering to Eugen Hinkemann, is in reality not this war or that, but all useless strife between man and man. If this play were simply a pacifist document, it would scarcely be worth considering. It is in the last analysis a presentment of the futility of modern civilization, a civilization which surges on its crazy way without counting the cost in human material. Civilization as it now exists is war, and war means death to man. It settles nothing but man himself. Industrialism, the chase for gold, the lust for power, are all paid for in blood and souls.

Is Civilization worth the struggle?



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## HONESTY IN THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 10)

with a touch so strong and delicate, so far removed from salaciousness on the one hand, from prudishness and unvaracity on the other, that his little play, aside from the delight it gives, is almost an object lesson to the American dramatist who should tell the truth, to the American audience that should, for the sake of its artistic salvation, learn to understand and reverence it. The importation of plays so sound and veracious and delicate, so superbly honest means more to us than splendor and pomp. The latter we are apt as yet to turn into theatric claptrap; the latter may persuade, let us say, Miss Vollmer that to end so honest a play as *Sunup* as dishonestly as it does now is something both artistically and ethically intolerable.

The art of acting presents an interesting analogy. The old actors declaimed. Then came Antoine, of Paris, and taught his players to imitate nature and founded the great school

of naturalistic acting illustrated to us by the players from Moscow and quite as superbly this season, if almost unheralded, by Irene Triesch and her associates. It is this art which our stage, too, illustrates at its best, at its rare best.

But listen to the diction of our players and then to that of Madame Triesch. We have not yet learned to blend beauty and clarity with naturalness of speech. We are learning it; we shall learn it. But actors who have not yet learned that must not be asked to speak intricate, symbolic verse.

Our drama and our theatre are pursuing admirably the course that time and fate and historic circumstance command. I would not see them wandering into paths not yet for them; I would have the foreign plays among us more often of the character that we need in the present stage of our artistic development as a nation.



## SAINT JOAN DESCENDS FROM THE SHRINE

(Continued from page 20)

York at twenty-five. It wasn't hard to do for we are a very individual family and respect every member's individuality."

She has visited Europe once. Her visit was a continuous performance of playgoing. She came back with the conviction that the English stage is more meritorious than the French. "The English are great comedians," she said, "greater than we are." A proof of her marked individuality.

"Common sense is missing from many people in the theatre. If the managers had it they would not oppose the Equity and bring about disaster for all."

She swooped out of the taxicab, gave me one parting glance from the all-searching eyes, and went with wing-like swiftness to the sacred stage door.

Hawk-like, yes, in a youthful way. But she will not grow more like one. The years will soften her. She will change into another variety. Perhaps a domestic species. For she had said in one of the long waits at the corner, upon the will of the traffic man:

"I should like to have a husband and children. But I suppose that is not common sense. It seems a foolish wish for an actress."



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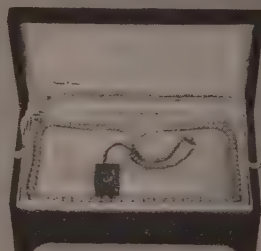
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## THE VANITY BOX

BY ANNE ARCHIBALD

**W**E have always considered a real complexion to be the best beauty asset that a woman could have. After that, a figure.

But having sat through many spring fashion shows we are wondering whether the order should not be reversed, whether the figure is not for the time being the more important to own. At least it will have to go fifty-fifty with the complexion. For how are you going to wear any of the gowns that are pulled in round the hips, or the tubular tunics that go straight up and down, or even the tailor suit, unless you are slender. If there ever was a season when no one in the fashion world loves a fat woman it is this. Baron de Meyer has said, "*il faut faire vide* in one's clothes . . to be slender is a necessity. How to achieve it is your problem!"

We are going to offer you one solution, anyway, the "best bet" for slenderizing we have yet run across.

Early in the fall we sat through a performance at a certain theatre, which was most entertaining. But we couldn't help marveling at the size one of the leading ladies had permitted herself to become. She made us think of nothing so much as a nice round puff ball. What a pity, we kept saying to ourselves, and felt everybody in the audience must have agreed with us. Three months later we sat in the same theatre at another play, but with the same leading lady, and lo and behold she looked like a different person . . fat gone, and slenderness regained!

Being highly interested in all such matters of beauty we wrote in our best manner to the leading lady asking if we might know what had brought about the transformation, and, if so, might we relay it to our Vanity Box readers, using her name. She responded promptly that she would be only too happy to tell us how she had regained her figure, and, if it were left to her, to use her name. She had no vanity in the matter, and she knew she had been a sight a few months back and only wondered how she had been engaged. But the management of her play was conservative English and it objected absolutely to any personal publicity of the sort. Wouldn't we come to see her behind the scenes, however, and she would tell us all about it.

Of course we went at the first opportunity. And not only were we told "all about it," but we were shown. And what had been the cause of the dropping away of pounds was no more or less than a wooden rolling-pin. Naturally not just a plain, ordinary rolling-pin, but a sublimated one, corrugated, revolving on a rod, and enameled in purple. You clasped it firmly in either hand and worked it back and forth over the portion of the body you wanted to reduce. A corking idea, *n'est-ce pas?* Because that way you obviated taking off any nice padding you might have on your neck, or of making your face look haggard and thin, as happens so often in the process of dieting.

Through the action of the corrugations on the rolling-pin the flesh is manipulated up and down, and through the energy of the user from side to side, four ways at once, you see. And this breaks up the fatty tissue, which is then carried off through the proper channels of the body. Ten minutes night and morning is all the time required, and the pin can be used over the clothing, and, therefore, by several members in the same family. A famous moving-picture star shares hers with her sister, we were told. The pin is hand-carved, made to be scrubbed or sterilized in any way and will last forever. You'd be surprised how decorative an implement it is, too, in its dressy lavender!

(For the name, price, and where purchasable of this new fat-reducing rolling-pin, write The Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.)





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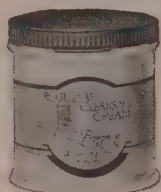
Illusion (Hindu)

Seven Enthrancing  
Flower  
Odors

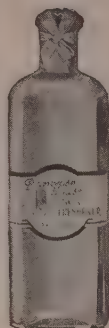
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## SPRING CLEANING

(Continued from page 28)

then turns his attention to Ernest Steele, reading a compromising letter which Ernest had written to Margaret, and which she had unwittingly handed over to Richard's secretary. Richard can afford to read it as it absolutely absolves his wife from any wrong.

RICHARD: So you don't deny writing that letter?

ERNEST: No. I see no harm in a lady dining with me alone.

JANE: Of course not!

CONNIE: Ridiculous, narrow-minded nonsense!

RICHARD: Knowing him you don't see any harm in a decent woman dining with him in his apartment alone? (To Ernest.) Let me ask you this: Why send your servant out? Why the remark "no one would have ever known you had come"?

ERNEST: I meant nothing.

RICHARD: Then your intentions are perfectly honorable? You were only prompted to write that letter because, in the highest and best sense, you are in love with her?

ERNEST (looks embarrassed): Yes.

RICHARD: So, obviously, if she were free tomorrow you would marry her?

ERNEST (hesitates): Yes.

RICHARD: As I'm only concerned with her happiness she shall decide.

MARGARET (rises): Unlock that door at once.

RICHARD: It was never locked.

Hearing this, there is a general movement for the door, and Margaret's guests waste no time in taking their departure, with various threats on the part of the men, and the women fervently expressing the mutual hope that they may never see Richard again.

RICHARD (smiles at her): Well, Mona, what's your opinion about Life?

MONA: Much the same as yours. We did a bit of Spring cleaning tonight, didn't we?

RICHARD (laughs): That's true.

MONA (shakes her head): But, my word, how you hurt her!

RICHARD: I know. But she had to be now or later—My way or theirs.

MONA: She don't think much of your way at the moment.

RICHARD: No, I suppose not.

MONA: What made you do this?

RICHARD: The last desperate hope of a distracted man.

MONA: Do you love her?

RICHARD: More than anything else in the world. Well, I hope for both your sakes it's done some good—

MONA: Here . . . It took you a bit of courage to do what you did tonight, didn't it?

RICHARD: It did.

MONA: Well, it's going to take her much more courage to get over it. You hurt her pride. You've made her look foolish. I watched her the whole time. She looked like a woman being stabbed with a thousand knives. You've crushed her soul into small

pieces, and you're not going to find it too easy to mend again.

Richard makes a move to go to Margaret, but Mona stops him, and points out that the first step towards a reconciliation should come from his wife. . . . Walters enters with a message that "the Mistress will come down as soon as this—er—er—lad has gone." Mona takes the hint and departs with a final warning to Richard to change his tie . . . Margaret enters, and is almost hysterical with rage. She declares that nothing will stop her going to Ernest Steele . . . under any conditions he chooses; Richard agrees that if these new friends are so much more to her than he could ever be, she had better go, and in order to give her her freedom he will leave her; she can ring up Ernest and tell him she will be free to marry him "at the earliest possible moment." . . . As soon as Richard has left Mona reappears, and in spite of Margaret's cold and glassy eye she is most persuasive in arguing Richard's case for him. . . . Being a woman she can imagine; she knows all the things Margaret said to him . . . things to hurt him, making him squirm. She tells Margaret to ask "the other fellow" what sacrifice he's going to make for her in return for the greatest sacrifice she can ever make for him, and assures her that she will find that *her maid would do as well*. At that moment the telephone rings, and Margaret asks Ernest to come round at once. She rings for Walters, and orders a taxi for Mona and then exits. Mona, left alone whilst Walters is calling the taxi, rings the Liberty Club and asks them to tell Mr. Sones that Mrs. Sones has called up and would be very grateful if he would come back at once. Walters announces that Mona's taxi is at the door, and she departs with the parting injunction to Walters to tell his mistress that "the lady has gone."

ACT III. Same as Act I. Ernest arrives and confesses to Margaret that Richard's parting remark (that he would kick him out of his house) still rankles. . . .

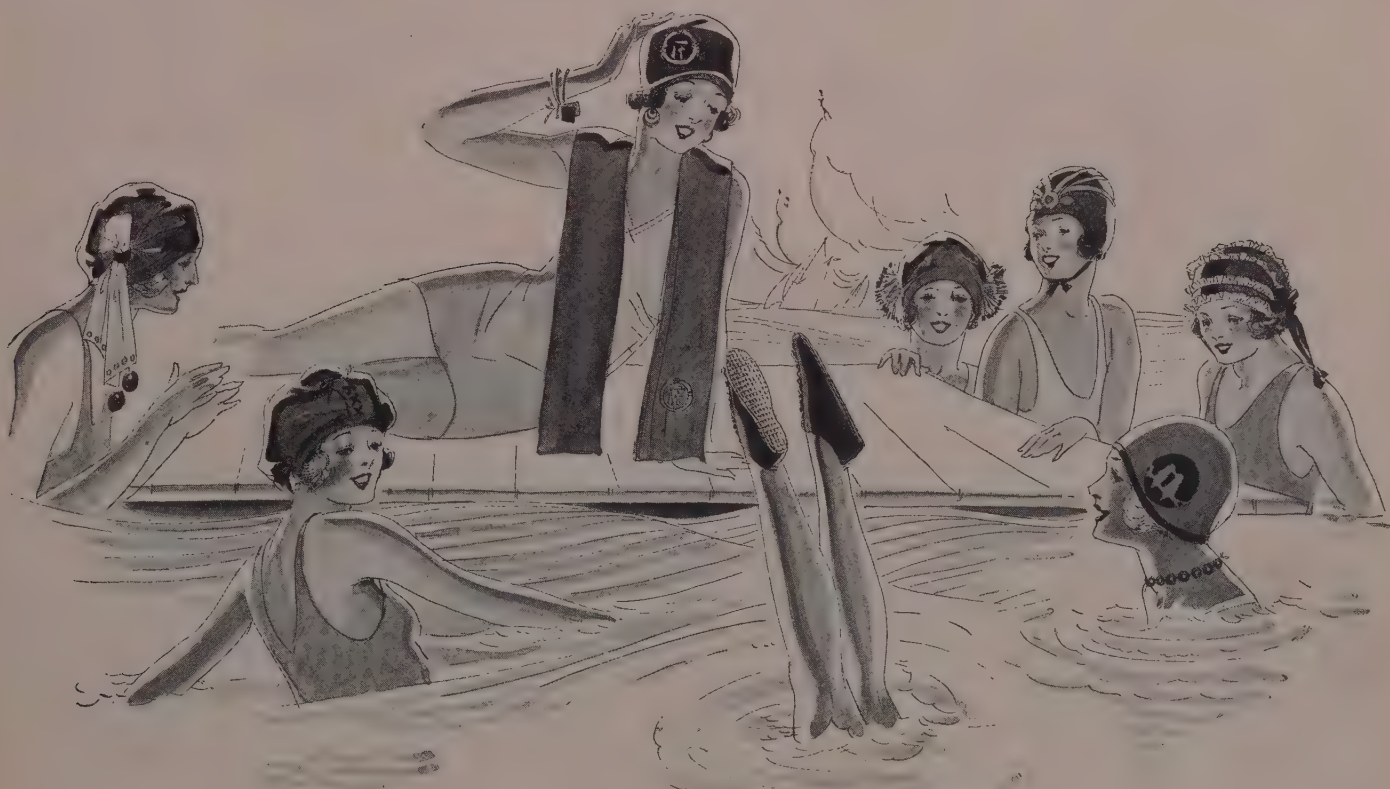
ERNEST: As I left this house tonight—walking back alone—I realized I was once again in a very difficult position, but having got out of many similar ones before, I don't wish you to think that I was alarmed.

MARGARET: Before?

ERNEST: Yes; in trouble of that kind; I have always worked on the accepted rule that a good woman like you could not be dragged through the divorce court; I may as well confess to you, Margaret, that I had arranged a pretty little scene in my mind where you cried a little and said, "Ernest, if there were more honorable men in the world like you what a beautiful place this world would be," and



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# Carolina Folk Plays

A FASCINATING CONTRIBUTION  
TO OUR DRAMATIC LITERATURE



Edited with an introduction on Folk Playmaking by Professor Frederick H. Koch of the University of North Carolina, who founded the Dakota Playmakers and the Carolina Playmakers.

An appendix on the dialect by Professor Tom Peete Cross, and illustrations on the actual productions. Five plays: Elizabeth A. Lays' "When Witches Ride" (3 m., 1 w.)—Harold Williamson's "Peggy," the tragedy of a tenant farmer's daughter (4 m., 2 w. and a boy)—Heffner's "Dod Gast Ye Both," a moonshiner's comedy (6 m., 1 w., a thicket in the mountains)—Dougald Macmillan's "Off Nag's Head or The Bell Buoy." Of an old woman, a mad storm and land pirates (2 m., 4 w.)—Paul Green's "The Last of the Lowries" (Croatan Outlaws, 1 m., 3 w.).

*These plays are the most significant examples of American Folk Drama. They were successfully given under the direction of Prof. Koch by his students in the Carolina Mountains. With the exception of the third, all could be given in a single hut interior, slightly varied. The clear illustrations should be a great help in setting and costume. Simple and easy to act as these plays are, they are frequently strongly emotional, yet absolutely "clean." Has Professor Koch done for America what the Abbey Players did for Ireland?*

## What the Reviewers Say

*Walter Prichard Eaton in The Drama:* "Frederick Koch is doing a wonderful work. . . . He is teaching young people to write their own plays, about their own people and their lives, stage them, costume them, act them."

*Paul L. Benjamin in The Survey:* "A rich and splendid vein of our native drama."

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gracefully, as I have always done before, retire.

MARGARET: You admit having done it before?

ERNEST: And always successfully.

MARGARET: Are you insulting me, Ernest?

ERNEST: I am paying you the greatest compliment I have ever paid any woman in my life. I have, in common with most men, never told the truth to any woman before. You should feel very flattered.

MARGARET: I do—but you will forgive my lack of enthusiasm, won't you?

ERNEST: That will come later.

MARGARET: Am I to understand—all those many times you told me if I were free you would marry me you never meant it?

ERNEST: On my honor I meant it, but I never for a moment thought you would ever be free.

MARGARET (angry): Indeed!

ERNEST: Believe me, it is as bitter for me to have to tell the truth about myself like this as it is for you to have to listen to me. But if you will bear with me a little, in the words of the optimist, there's a good time coming.

MARGARET: I'm glad I have something to look forward to.

ERNEST: Oh yes, you have. Let me continue—having arranged, shall we say my graceful exit, I suddenly began to think about you; about the jolly times we had spent together; I felt a regret, almost a pain, that perhaps I would only see you once more. I was mystified; then I suddenly realized something!

MARGARET: What?

ERNEST: I realized that I was in love with you.

MARGARET: Tell me; is this another method of making a graceful exit?

ERNEST: The reverse. For the first time in my life I am prepared to behave honorably to a woman, and I'm tickled to death about it.

MARGARET: My vanity tells me every word you say is true; but my common sense tells me the opposite.

ERNEST: No man of the world would ever expect a woman to believe him when he is telling the truth; that's why I never do, but your husband, fortunately, will recognize it.

Ernest insists on calling up Richard, but at that moment Walters enters and says that his master is on the telephone. "Isn't that lucky?" says Ernest, and going to the phone he asks Richard to come round and chuck him out of the house. When Richard appears Margaret indignantly denies having telephoned him; she says that Ernest had called him with the object of finding out if he were still prepared to release her. "At once," says Richard, and starts to go, but Ernest stops him, and Margaret leaves the two men alone. . . .

ERNEST: You thought like the rest of

husbands: "I've married her and that's all that's necessary." With pride you assured yourself *because* you had married her she would be different to all other women. And to protect your natural conceit the moment it gets really serious you become the strong man, and to prove it you bring a prostitute into the house!

RICHARD: It seems to have done some good.

ERNEST: What?

RICHARD: You are spending the evening with me and not with my wife.

ERNEST: That's true. What a competitor you would have made if you had never married! (*Quietly*): Don't lose your temper. I'm only trying to straighten things out for you—answer me quite frankly—for quite a long time you haven't shown your wife the slightest attention, have you?

RICHARD: Of course I have!

ERNEST: As for instance?

RICHARD: Well, I can't go into details. It's rather difficult.

ERNEST: Not at all! I sent her flowers every day; telephoned to know how she was three times a day; did you?

RICHARD: No; a man can't go on sending flowers for ten years! . . .

ERNEST: . . . You don't deserve it, but I'm going to tell you something.

RICHARD: What?

ERNEST: . . . The Lord alone knows why, but she loves you.

RICHARD: She hates me.

ERNEST: That is the first modest thing I have ever heard you say.

RICHARD: Are you telling me the truth? She still likes me?

ERNEST: She has never done anything else.

RICHARD: Then why— Didn't I understand her to say that she would marry you the moment she was free?

ERNEST: You did. But she never intends to be free!

RICHARD: I can write about them, but I'm damned if I'll ever understand them!

ERNEST: Mind you—I don't say she will forgive you. She is a woman with a genuine grievance.

RICHARD: That's true! And heaven knows they are difficult enough to deal with even when it is only an imaginary one. You give me your word of honor that what you say is true? She still likes me?

ERNEST: My word of honor.

RICHARD: Very well. And you? What are you going to do?

ERNEST: I've abdicated in your favor. I had to. So there is no reason now why we shouldn't be friends, is there? . . .

They have a "spot" together, and part the best of friends. At Ernest's suggestion Richard sends a message to Margaret that "Mr. Steele would particularly like to see her." . . . When she comes down Richard



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adopts a most casual attitude and enrages her more and more; at last he says he's going to the Club to watch a most interesting billiard match. He goes to the door, opens it, and without going out, bangs it. Margaret buries her face in her hands. . . .

RICHARD: Before I say I'm sorry, I want to tell you I had an excuse for what I did tonight.

MARGARET: None!

RICHARD: I was terribly in love with you. I was terrified I was going to lose you.

MARGARET: Is that an excuse?

RICHARD: Not from your point of view, I agree, particularly as I could have avoided it all . . . as it was through my own fault I nearly lost you.

MARGARET: How?

RICHARD: By only remembering that I was mad at you. My colossal indifference to what was due to you; my consummate conceit that because you were my wife it would be impossible for you to look at anyone else but me. I'm terribly sorry. *(Telephone rings.)*

Hello . . . Mr. Steele wants to know if you are lunching with him tomorrow?

MARGARET: Certainly!

RICHARD: My wife wishes me to tell you that she's very sorry, but she is lunching with me tomorrow. *(Pause—laughs):* Yes—yes—I will.

MARGARET: What did he say?

RICHARD: He told me to be careful, because, like myself, you are the only woman he has ever loved. But I'll go further than that . . . you are the only woman in the world I ever will love.

MARGARET: . . . Richard.

RICHARD: Yes.

MARGARET: I am glad you did what you did tonight.

RICHARD: Why?

MARGARET: Because I would so much rather be angry for a little than sorry for always—and I would have been— *(Is on the verge of tears.)*

RICHARD *(puts his arm around her)*: Oh, my dear!

*Curtain*



## CINEMA NOTES

FOLLOWING the opening of *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are going to Europe ostensibly to seek material for new pictures. Miss Pickford, it is understood, is eager to make a production based on Irish life, and it is said in one quarter that Fairbanks has his eye on Jerusalem as a suitable locale. Miss Pickford has also expressed a wish to direct a photoplay of Jeanne Eagels in *Rain*.

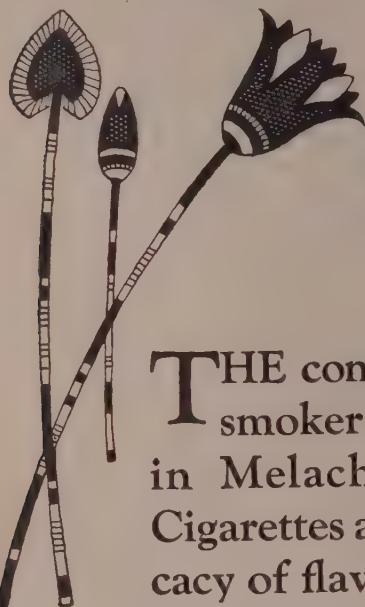
sult *Romeo and Juliet* has been postponed, but Lillian Gish has completed *Romola* in Italy and is soon returning to America.

THE Talmadge sisters always make their plans well in advance. Joseph Schenck has bought Mary Nash's success *The Lady for Norma*, and John Emerson and Anita Loos have written *Learning to Love* for Constance.

WHEN *The Enchanted Cottage* arrives on Broadway a long time must elapse before we see another Richard Barthelmess picture. Owing to a disagreement with Inspiration, his producers, he stopped work suddenly, refusing to appear before the camera until certain necessary adjustments had been made in their method of procedure. As a re-

W. C. FIELDS is embarking into the movies for the first time. He will display his talents in *Janice Meredith* in which Marion Davies is the star. He will enact the rôle of a soldier in Washington's army which will enable him to employ his own particular brand of comedy, and good comedy being rare enough, that is no unwelcome news.

A. St. J. B.



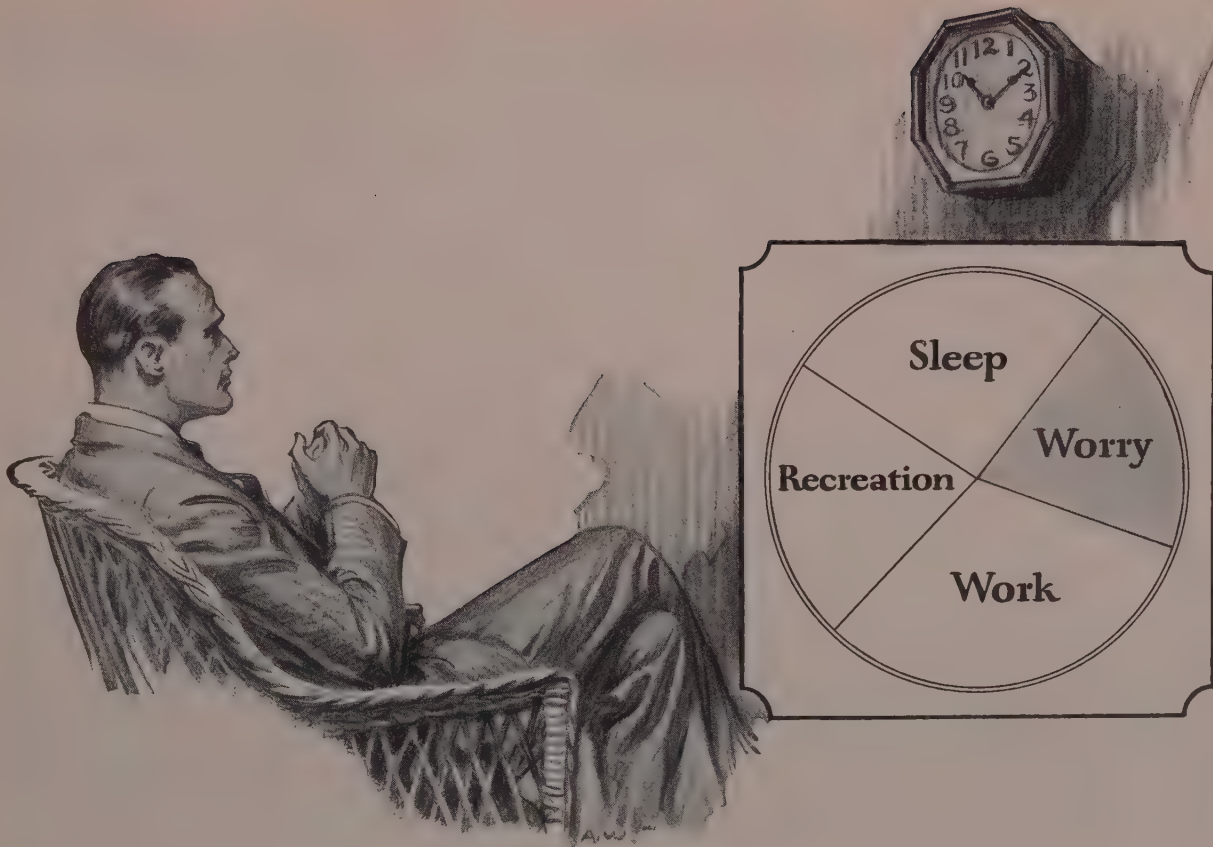
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## THE INNER MAN

(Continued from page 9)

"People who have suffered do not need these reminders. They already feel divine compassion. But there are those who have not been touched by misery. These may well suffer, by proxy, for a few hours in a theatre. It will do them good. It will have a humanizing effect. Thus to taste vicariously a bit of life's bitterness.

"As for this type of play having a depressing effect, or accentuating the futility of human endeavor, I do not agree with any such opinion. We should feel exalted to think that there is something—some vital, unquenchable flame in man which makes him triumph over his miseries—over life itself. Dying, he is still victorious. The realization of this should exalt, not depress."

Silence. Stabbed by another direct question:

"Why do you confine your writings to pitiable Anna Christies, blasphemous seamen and the like?"

"Because I find more dramatic material among simple people such as these. They are more direct. In action and utterance. Thus more dramatic. Their lives and sufferings and personalities lend themselves more readily to dramatization. They have not been steeped in the evasions and superficialities which come with social life and intercourse. Their real selves are exposed. They are crude but honest. They are not handicapped by inhibitions. In many ways they are inarticulate. They cannot write of their own problems. So they must often suffer in silence. I like to interpret for them. Dramatize them and thus bring their hardships into the light. Give others a chance to see and help and understand.

"If I write often of seamen, it is because I know and like them so well. I was once one of them. Life on the sea is ideal. The ship for a home. Sailors for friends. The sea for surroundings. Meals provided. A resting-place. No economic pressure. On land, if a sailor goes broke, he will always find a hospitable seamen's home. Tired of one ship he can sign up on another. I like the man of the sea. He is free of social hypocrisy."

Again the conversation swerved to *All God's Chillun Got Wings*.

"It is not a race-problem play," said Mr. O'Neill. "Those who have criticized it have not attempted to understand it. They have lost track of the real issue involved in befuddling irrelevancies. The play's intention is

to portray the special lives of individual beings. It is primarily a study of the two principal characters and their tragic struggle for happiness. The real tragedy of *All God's Chillun* is that the woman could not see their "togetherness"—the Oneness of Man kind. She was hemmed in by inhibitions. Ella of the play loved her husband, but could not love him as a woman would a man, though she wanted to, because of her background and her inherited racial prejudice.

"The gabbling sensation-mongers and notoriety hounds have seized upon one incident of the play and distorted it. The hand-kissing scene. The only act of contact between husband and wife. When Ella kisses her husband's hand, it is not a passionate avowal of love, but takes place after she has lost her mind. In her mental confusion, she thinks of him as a little child, much as we are inclined to think of negroes as Uncle Toms or as amusing little children. It is then that she kisses his hand.

"The sensation-mongers clutched at the chance this play afforded to arouse prejudice. But the Negro question, which, it must be remembered, is not an issue of the play, isn't the only one which can arouse prejudice. We are divided by prejudices. Prejudices racial, social, religious. Tracing it all goes back, of course, to economic causes. As for *All God's Chillun*, if Harris of the play had been a Japanese and Ella white, and the play had been produced on the Coast, there would have been as great a storm of protest. Or if Harris had been a German, and the play produced in France. Or an Armenian in Turkey. Or a Jew and a Gentile. And these prejudices will exist until we understand the Oneness of Mankind. Life is hard and bitter enough without, in addition, burdening ourselves with prejudices."

At this point rehearsal was announced, and hearing again the drum of silence, I felt that the interruption was not without its advantages. But I left the small Village theatre where Eugene O'Neill is free to try out all the dramatic experiments he chooses, with a distinct feeling of having had communion with an unusual man, a distinct personality, a genius, if you will. Eugene O'Neill may be taciturn in speech, but he makes himself heard through his gift of dramatizing human beings, and by projecting his thoughts to those who can hear in the silences.

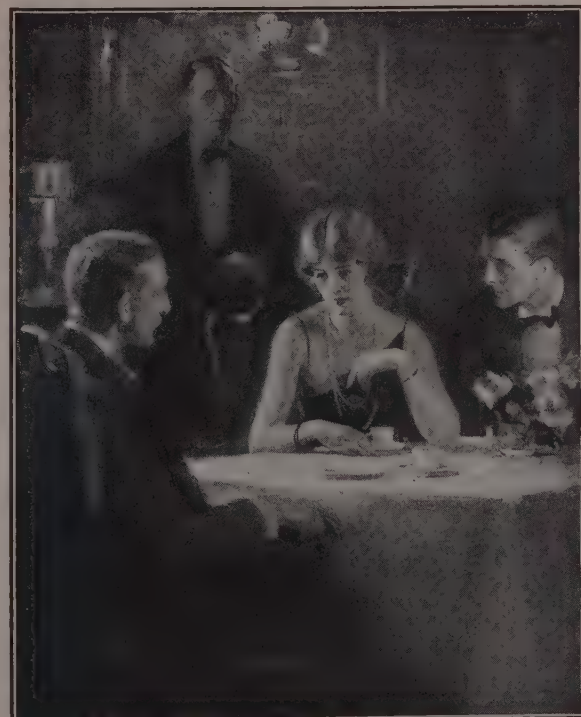






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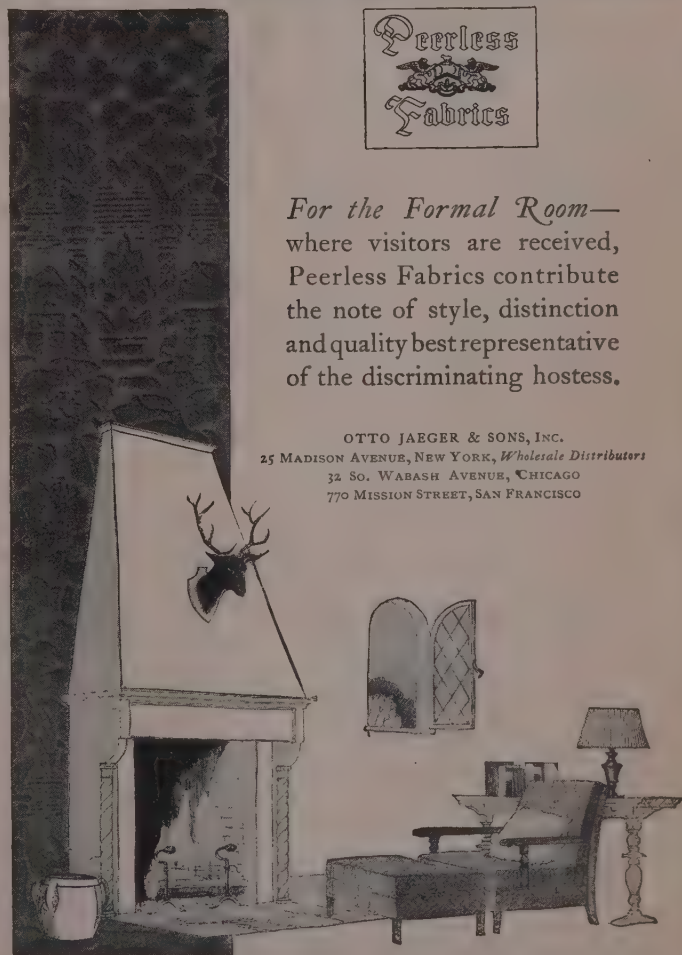
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## WAR PLAY STIRS PARISIANS TO WRATH

(Continued from page 12)

painful scenes between the soldier and his father. They quarrel. They quarrel bitterly. The soldier, as the spokesman of his comrades, puts the generation of stay-at-homes on trial; he prosecutes and convicts them. He says things to his father that are not said by sons to fathers in France, where paternal authority is much more rigorous than it is in Anglo-Saxon lands.

When the old man demands respect for his years, if not for his fatherhood, the soldier rounds on him with:

"Why do we respect fathers and old men? Because they are at the gates of death? But you still have a package of years to drag across the Earth. And for me there is . . . perhaps less than a week. Because they are weak? But discipline has made youth powerless. Because they have worked honorably? Have we not done so? Because they have been useful? Are not we also? Because they seem filled with wisdom and experience? But you haven't lived. You have never learned the only lessons that count, those of pain and those of danger. You have existed, softly and safely two-thirds of a century, eating and sleeping like a suckling child. You have never even learned whether or not you are brave. You know nothing of the terrible happiness of protecting your dear ones at the price of your very existence. One day, without thinking, you gave me life. Every day I save your life for you. Do you still talk to me of fatherhood? Our rôles are changed. You have nothing that I do not give you. It is I who am your father."

To lines like these the old men in the audience objected vociferously. And the young men, who had felt but who had not been able to express the same emotions, cheered to the echo.

The soldier resumes: "War! What a delight it has been to you old men! How can you help liking it? It has heaped you with happiness. How good it is to be old! The old have waked up and found themselves living in the most fabulous of dreams. It is their fate . . . a privilege without parallel in the history of the world. The young men have gone. The old have taken possession of the Earth. The old have become men again. They have found a renewal of their youth. How comfortable it is for you that we young men have been effaced. And to supplant us you have chosen a moment when we are bearing the weight of the world on our shoulders, without falling under its weight."

All this time the soldier has concealed from his father the fact that he is going away, not to return laden with glory . . . but to certain death. It is only after he and his father have said to each other unforgettable and unforgivable things that his sweetheart reveals the truth.

The old man is aghast. He humili-

ates himself before the son, and the soldier forgives. His last word as he passes through the door to go back to his Calvary is one of forgiveness: "Be happy."

In appearance Raynal is not at all the conventional, long-haired French *intellectuel*. His cranium is shaved almost as closely as his chin, revealing a big round skull, sharply pointed at nose and chin. He has hulking big shoulders and an air of being in a breathless and somewhat confused hurry that accords uncannily with the style in which his play is written.

"The name of my play," he said, "refers of course to the grave of the French Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe. I chose that because I meant that the soldier of the action might be any soldier. Yet I had no intention whatever of attempting to make a picture of the War, or a criticism of any group or class of men. My three characters, the soldier, his father and his sweetheart are individuals. They are individuals, though the situation in which the play finds them must have been repeated many thousands of times.

"What I meant to present was the clash of the psychology of the front with that of behind the lines. The men at the front, as you know, considered themselves already as good as dead. They were alive one minute, but probably would not be the next. To them the present became the only reality. There was no future, and the past was gone.

"Behind the lines, after the first few weeks of black panic, life resumed, by force of circumstances, something of its ordinary trend. People had to do something. They paid calls, had little parties, managed their property, tried to keep their business going. In short, they tried to live, as nearly as they could, as if there were no war. The only two characters in the play beside the soldier are possessed by this psychology of the rear.

"They believed the censored reports in the papers which told them that every battle was a victory, that their generals were all geniuses, and that it was always the enemy who suffered the heaviest losses. They believed that the war was a good war, going rather well and that, at any rate, it would soon be over.

"To the old man, for whom the absence of all the young men at the front had been almost a restoration of his youth, the war had been a personal boon. He knew that immediately the young men came back his little Indian Summer would be over and he would be relegated to the position of a really old man again. Even the girl had come to love the tranquility of her new life.

"Then, after fourteen months at the front, the soldier-sweetheart comes home on leave. But he has no illusions. He knows that the war is not





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nearing its end. He knows that the alleged victories have been defeats, and that things are going badly. So sure is he that the bloody struggle will be a long one, in which his life will assuredly be forfeit, that he has, unknown to his relatives, paid for his four days' leave by promising to accept a "suicide mission" immediately the leave is over. The leave is to be his last glimpse of his loved ones. On arriving at his home he finds that a telegram has cut the leave, already short at four days, to five hours, until the first train back in the morning.

"He has but five hours in which to live all the rest of his life worth living. It is hardly to be expected that his father and sweetheart would understand the psychology of a man who had a secret like that locked in his breast. They think that he will soon be home again, the war finished. They cannot understand his hard insistence on the present moment, his request that he be married immediately, his impatience when he is congratulated on having covered himself with glory. Glory, what is glory to a man about to die?"

"The discord between the soldier, his father and fiancée grows until finally, when they are on the verge of a quarrel, the old man retires.

"In an effort to break down the reserve of his fiancée the soldier confesses that the war is to be a long one and that it will be many months before they can be together again. But instead of rekindling the warmth of her love this declaration has the opposite effect. A long war? She cannot endure the thought of a long war. She cannot endure the long separation. She cannot love him enough. Perhaps she was mistaken in her love. Perhaps she doesn't love him at all.

"Then the soldier reveals the fact that he is going back, not only to a long war, but to certain death. And in a moment of emotional ecstasy the girl gives herself to him, without benefit of clergy.

"The last act takes place in early morning at the hour of the soldier's departure. The father, still ignorant that his son is leaving him forever, is bitter in his denunciation of what has happened during the night, bitter against all the moral laxity that has followed in the wake of the war. He sees only wanton egotism in his son's behavior. And it is in exasperation against all the disagreeable surprises of his return to his home that the son finally turns on his father with recriminations that aroused the protests of the audience during the first performances.

"But you must remember what he had faced. He had sold his life to come home to see the ones he loved. And instead of the gratitude and cordiality that he had expected he found that he was an intruder; shock number one. He found that his fiancée loved him no longer; shock number two. And at the moment of his going he is savagely attacked by his father; shock number three. I ask you, what was more natural than that he should round on the old man as he did?"

"Of course the play does not end on that note. There is a reconciliation. The father understands finally under what a strain the soldier is laboring and forgives him. It is not a happy ending though. The soldier leaves to die, and I hold out no hope that he will live."

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## MUSIC

(Continued from page 34)

the acoustics of Aeolian Hall. In short, Mr. Golschmann brings to jaded concert goers the inestimable boon of youth and personality. New York and the country at large has too few conductors who possess those attributes.

THE month was also notable in the concert world for the farewell of Pierre Monteux as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Monteux leaves with the sincere regrets of all music lovers. He took charge of the famous orchestra after the war, when the incarceration of Karl Muck had left the organization but a wreck of its former self, and he brought it back to its old-time per-

fection. Never appreciated while French conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House became of his over-tiring nature and unwillingness to force himself forward, he went to Boston and by his splendid musicianship, exquisite taste, wide artistic sympathy, and unswerving sincerity proved himself a worthy successor to such conductors as Muck and Nikisch. Mr. Monteux's success in Boston gave grateful proof of the fact that while an overmodest nature may not win in opera, in the purely orchestral field it may even be a virtue. Mr. Monteux did not blow his own trumpet—he left that to his orchestra and by so doing proved the truth of the old fable that merit and modesty are sometimes found together.



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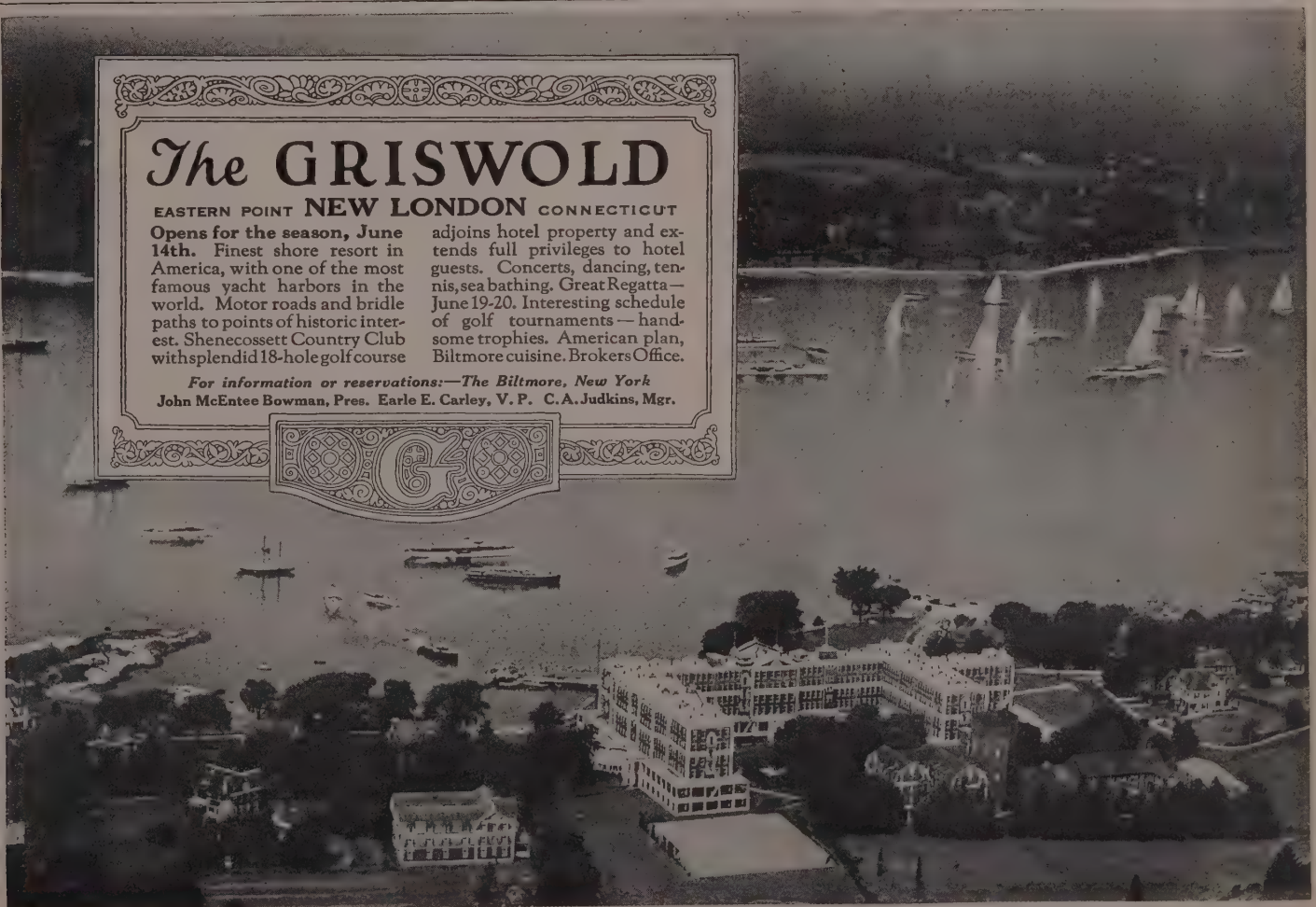
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## THE AMATEUR'S GREEN ROOM

(Continued from page 41)

Gounod, Palestrina, Dvorak, Von Suppe, Luigini, Flotow, Meyerbeer and Rossini, and they are working on a special program—the second mass *des Orphéonistes* by Gounod—for the dedication of their new chapel, which represents months of painstaking preparation.

In addition to charity concerts at Worcester, this group has played Fall River, Lowell, New Haven, Marlboro, Ware, New Rochelle College and Southbridge, where they were enthusiastically received. A number of outside invitations have had to be rejected because of the limited scholastic term, but it is planned to give several radio concerts.

The Musical Clubs of Holy Cross are under the guidance and direction of Mr. J. Edward Bouvier who has been largely responsible for their artistic success. During the War, Mr. Bouvier was director of community singing and since its close he has given himself over entirely to the musical direction at Holy Cross College, and at Clark University, and in addition to these tasks he has undertaken the direction of the music of all the Rotary Clubs of New England.

#### THE GREAT NECK PLAYERS

**G**REAT NECK, Long Island, with its colony of professionals, including among others George M. Cohan and many of the stars whose names illumine Broadway, is to have a Little Theatre group which will be known as "The Great Neck Players"—but this group will be strictly non-professional.

At a recent meeting of interested residents of Great Neck, at which Mrs. Frederick L. Keays, the leading spirit in the movement, presided, the Great Neck Players was organized "for the purpose of producing worth while plays of artistic merit without individual, personal or corporate profit."

It is planned to give the plays in Union Chapel, Great Neck, but it is the ambition of this group to later acquire a completely equipped theatre of their own. Meanwhile they are working to build a permanent organization capable of presenting plays in a creditable manner, and to develop play production in all its branches.

Mr. Harold V. Strawn, who has been on the professional stage, and was formerly Assistant Director of the Cleveland School of Dramatic Art, will act as Stage Director.

#### LITTLE THEATRE CONTEST

**S**EVENTEEEN Little Theatre groups from all parts of the country—even as far South as Texas—will compete for the David Belasco cup, at the Belasco Theatre, New York, at the Annual Little Theatre Tournament which will take place May 5th to 10th, when each group will present a one-act play.

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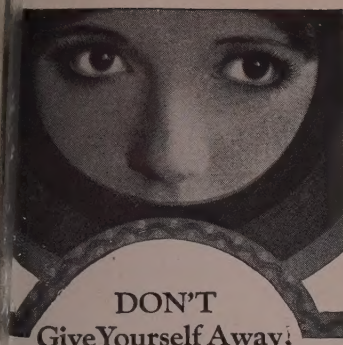
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## Eleanora Duse

ELEANORA DUSE, world-famous tragedienne, is dead. Duse, whose art was shaded by haunting mystery, has passed from the stage of life. Duse, of the spiritual genius, the beautiful hands, and the sad heart, is gone forever!

Sadness and pathos shaded both the dramatic art and the personal life of this great Italian emotional actress. Her sudden passing, thousands of miles from her native country, in a lonely hotel-room, on tour, was in keeping with the tragic undercurrent of her whole life.

Eleanora Duse was born October 3rd, 1859, in a wagon in the village of Vigevano, Pavia, on the outskirts of Venice. Her parents were strolling players, and she was born while they were on tour. Her childhood and early girlhood were periods of deprivation, when she knew hunger, and learned much of the sordidness of life. She appeared on the stage when very young, playing Juliet at the age of fourteen. At twenty she married Signor Checchi, a member of her troupe, and they had one daughter. The marriage was an unhappy one. La Duse, as she was called, and her husband parted.

Duse's star of destiny had marked her for a high place in her profession. Her star soared and shone brighter and brighter, and her fame spread rapidly. First her mother country, Italy, was at her feet, then Spain, Paris, Vienna, London—all of Europe worshipped at the shrine of her great genius. Duse soon became known as one of the world's greatest tragediennes.

Her rôles were varied, but most of them were delineations of tragic characters. She appeared in *La Dame aux Camélias*, *Lady of the Sea*, *La Gioconda*, *Hedda Gabler*, *La Citta Morta*, *Cosia Sia*, *Francesca* and many other plays. On this side of the water she instantly became an idol.

After Duse's second American tour in 1902, she went into retirement in her villa in Caponi—for fifteen years. It soon became known that a tragic love affair with Gabriel D'Annunzio, poet and writer of many plays in which she appeared, was the cause of her self-imposed seclusion. All the world knew that bitter disillusionment came to Duse when the man she idolized blazoned before the world her intimate revelations to him, in a volume called *Il Fuoco*. Duse had quaffed deeply of fame, wealth and love—now it was her turn to reach the dregs. The quarrel embittered her life and left its permanent mark upon her.

Then, after fifteen years, when she

was in her sixties, Life played Duse another cruel trick. Depression in currency brought about her financial ruin, and once again the great Italian actress returned to the stage—this time to earn the necessities of life. A grey replica of her former self, Duse came back still possessing great magnetism. Her first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House on October 29th, last, was an ovation. Several performances at the Century followed in November, and on November 30th, she started for Boston, the first stop of a tour.

The mystic Duse must have had a premonition of the approaching end for she wired Morris Gest, who brought her to this country, March 30th, from Indiana, this pathetic message: "I am afraid to stay here alone so far away." Frail and unaccustomed to the changeable weather here, the cold, rainy days of early Spring worked havoc with Duse's fragile constitution.

After her last performance on any stage, which was April 5th, when she appeared in *The Closed Door*, by Marco Praga, at Syria Mosque, in Pittsburgh, Duse caught cold during a rainy, damp spell. The cold developed into influenza, followed by pneumonia, and, on April 21st, in a hotel-room in Pittsburgh, Duse died. She was sixty-five years of age.

The body of the world's most gifted emotional actress remained in an undertaker's chapel in the Pennsylvania city pending arrangements for its removal to New York. Attended by a guard of honor of members of her theatrical company, Duse's body was brought by train to New York on Monday, April 28th, one week after her death. Under instructions from the Italian Government, attachés of the office of the Italian Consulate General took over the arrangements for the funeral services, and Duse's body was brought to the St. Joseph Chapel of St. Vincent Ferrer's church, Sixty-sixth Street and Lexington Avenue. Here the casket, surrounded by votive lights, laid in state for four days while reverential throngs passed the bier to say a last farewell to the still figure.

The last tribute to the memory of Duse was paid May 1st, when New York halted its rush just before the body was placed aboard the Italian Liner *Duilio* which sailed for Genoa. Thousands of men and women of the theatre and out of it, and of the world of business, finance, society, attended a requiem high mass at the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer.



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## VAUDEVILLE

*(Continued from page 36)*

is enchanting. Her voice is lovely. And her act, well, girls will be Cinderellas!

MARJORIE RAMBEAU, one of the loveliest of leading ladies, has come to the two-a-day with another crook meller wherein the girl under suspicion turns out to be the Scotland Yard's operative number 5. There is no marked originality, as you may by this time have suspected, in the theme of her sketch. But Miss Rambeau is conscientiously sincere in her portrayal of this tried-and-true stock heroine and the story, despite the triteness and obviousness, is not uninteresting. This time the plot has to do with some jewels and the machinations of a pair of rival crooks to make away with them. Miss Rambeau, ostensibly, is the accomplice of one of these villains. But she foils him as well as his competitor, and turns them both over to justice. The story is as riddled with incongruities and implausibilities as a Swiss cheese. But it has Miss Rambeau.

ing methods of a pair of lively gals on the smart belt of the East Side in the subleasing of furnished flats for twice their value. Misses Wyndham and Kemble-Cooper portray these slick damsels, and Miss Beecher and Mr. Browne the goats. While the wife is being shown the suite by one of the girls (Miss Kemble-Cooper), the other tricks the poor bewildered husband into an unexplicable and compromising embrace, and he signs the lease. That is all. But it is metropolitan. It is wise. And it is witty.

SUCH sensational æsthetic success has attended the Hippodrome style of circus entertainment that there is a suggestion that it will be extended to the bigger houses all over the Keith circuit. This particular bill-planning makes a feature of acrobats, jugglers, trained animals, bareback riders, and so forth, giving many an ambitious spangled Indian club virtuoso an unaccustomed crack at some spot on the bill other than opening or closing. This may be excruciatingly merry entertainment. And the flying trapeze has its artistic possibilities. But evenings spent in a bird's-eye contact with these activities are bound, in time, to surfeit one with awe. This reaction is not so bad. After all, emotion is emotion. And awe is awe. But I'd rather be awed by the colossal nerve of DeHaven and Nice than by the gigantic strength of Marta Farra, the Hippodrome flapper who juggles elephants.

FOUR other important stars of the legitimate have combined in an offering which proves as important to the art as to the treasurer's exchequery. They are Olive Wyndham, Janet Beecher, Violet Kemble-Cooper and Harry C. Browne. And the sketch is one written by Elliot Nugent (the creator of Kempy) and Howard Lindsey, and labeled *Apartment to Let*. It exposes the fancy blackmail-



## MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

*(Continued from page 19)*

### Paradise Alley

A musical comedy by Charles W. Bell and Edward Clarke; lyrics by Howard Johnson; music by Carle Carlton, Harry Archer, A. Otvos. Presented by Carle Carlton at the Casino Theatre on April 1, with the following principals:

Hallie Manning, Evelyn Martin, Dorothy Walters, William Renaud, Ida May Chadwick, Helen Shipman, Arthur West, Chas. Derickson, George Bickel, Gloria Dawn, Edward Wonn, Ben Benny, Burke Western, Lloyd Balliot, Wm. Renaud, Frank Stan-Lloyd Balliot, Frank Stanhope, Garfield Brown, Leslie Barrie, Arthur Atkinson.

makes the most of it, but falls deplorably short on the side of comedy, even with George Bickel and Arthur West in the cast. There are catchy tunes and lively dances, lovely and amusing costumes and a chorus whose aggregate/prettiness can be rated hundred per cent.

Helen Shipman embellishes the rôle of the prima donna, and Ida May Chadwick, though an unsensational comedienne, sets loose some of the wickedest waltz clogging imaginable. Her dancing is the high light of the proceedings.

*Paradise Alley* was tried out on the road by Mr. Carleton last season, and then revamped for the present one in New York. Inveterate addicts to musical comedy will find it average and satisfying entertainment.

THE story of a rise from Paradise Alley to theatrical prominence offers a wealth of charming atmosphere to this musical comedy which







